Mrs Smith

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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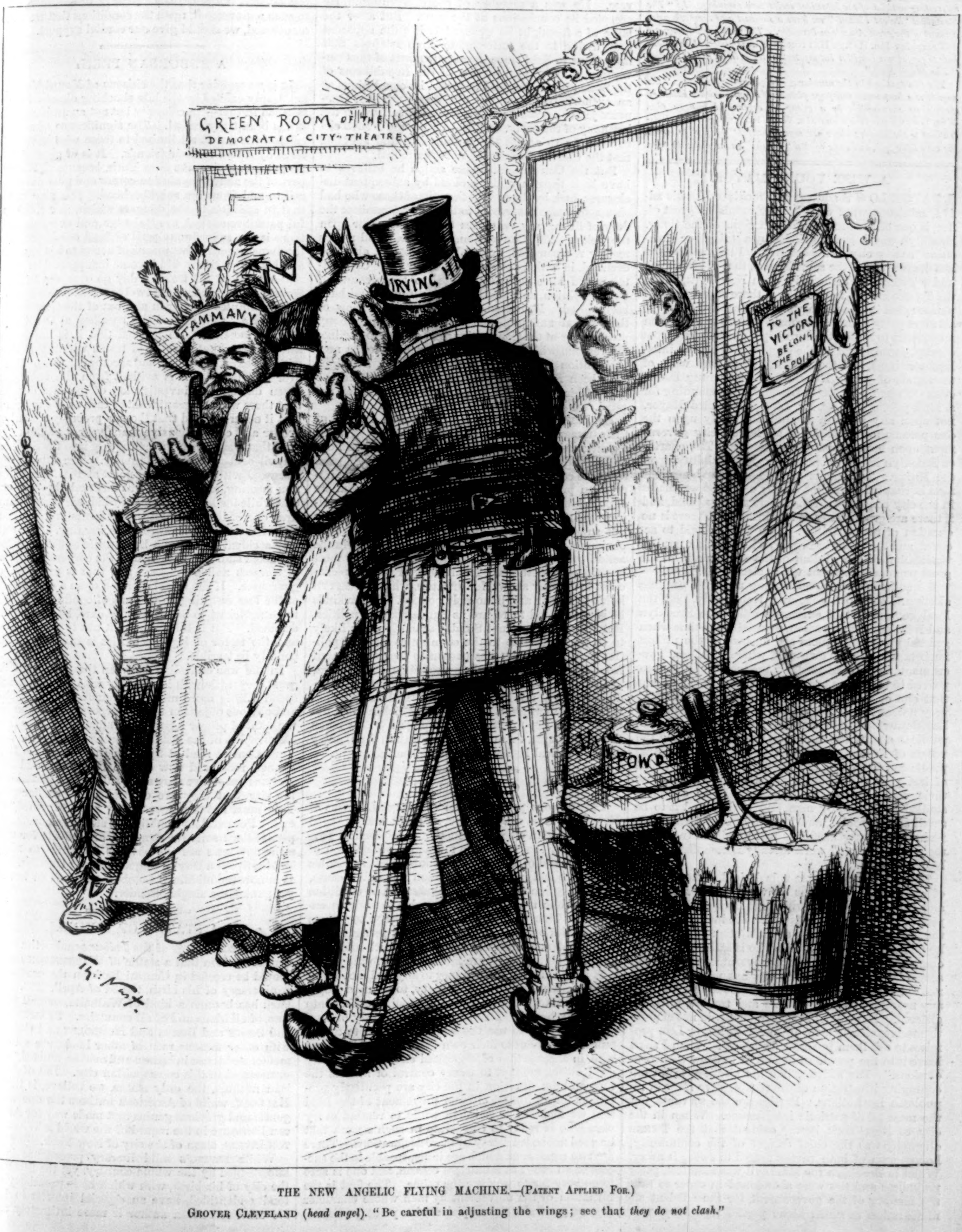

GREEN ROOM OF THE DEMOCRATIC CITY THEATRE
TAMMANY
IRVING H
TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOI
POWD
Th: Nast.

THE NEW ANGELIC FLYING MACHINE.—(Patent Applied For.)

Grover Cleveland (*head angel*). "Be careful in adjusting the wings; see that *they do not clash.*"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 14, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

*No. 154, published October 10, contains an interesting short story by* W. O. Stoddard, *entitled "A Very New Cow," with a front-page engraving on wood, by* W. T. Smedley; *"Playing Circus," by Jimmy Brown, is an account of a sad catastrophe brought about by another effort on the part of that hero to "improve his mind"; Chapter IX. of "The Cruise of the Canoe Club" contains a description of the boys' adventures on the Richelieu River; "Their Girl," by* Mr. James Otis, *becomes more and more pleasing as the story develops.*

*"Climbing Plants," by* Mrs. S. B. Herrick, *is one of the most interesting articles of the botanical series now running. In "The Steamboat 'Robert Fulton'" we have a succinct and comprehensive account of the great American inventor. The well-known conjurer and magician* Mr. Henry Hatton *gives some practical directions how to perform a familiar but mysterious trick, in an article entitled "The Magic Sack."*

*The illustrations in the number are bright and attractive. "Besieged" is a humorous full-page picture of a youth with a basket of provisions surrounded by a group of eager and hungry pigs.* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd *and* Mr. W. A. Rogers *contribute illustrations to the stories; there are some pleasant "Jingles" to amuse the very little folk, and some capital "Comics" on the sixteenth page.*

## A WISE YOUNG MAYOR.

MAYOR LOW'S address in Brooklyn, like his administration of what he justly calls his great office, is one of the most significant signs of the times. Brooklyn was as heavily ridden by a "ring" or "machine" as any city in the country. Its situation, in a less degree, was of the same kind as that of New York under Tweed. Fortunately, as in New York, where the Tweed crimes were exposed, there was a resolute public spirit in Brooklyn which determined to merge all mere party names and considerations in a common movement to rescue the municipal government from corrupt control, and by the support of the most intelligent citizens, and the well-organized hard work of thousands of young Republicans and young Democrats who had a perfectly friendly understanding for a high public purpose, Mr. Low was elected Mayor, not upon any partisan ground, but solely upon the one paramount principle of an honest city government upon honest business principles. The charter of Brooklyn happily concentrates responsibility upon the Mayor. The hands of an honest and efficient man in that office are not tied by dishonest associates in the city boards. If bad officers are appointed, and if there are gross abuses of administration, there is no question of responsibility. One man is held to account, and the result in Brooklyn has been a complete vindication of the wisdom of the charter and of the great popular movement which elected Mr. Low.

His address has a direct bearing upon the pending election. Mr. Low feels, and feels justly, that the local government of enormous cities like Brooklyn and New York is a question, especially at a time when general party differences are hushed, of the utmost importance. In his own city, where such local government as is conferred by the charter has been proved to be of such general public advantage, he sees that one or two extensions of the principle are still very necessary. They can be obtained only from the Legislature, and consequently he does not wish Republican apathy or Democratic confidence to lead the voters of Brooklyn to forget to register. The same public considerations that produced the happy result of last year should stimulate the voters not to lose their votes, because the registry will be carefully studied by designing men, and if they find it to be small and one-sided, and indicative of general indifference, the party machines will nominate their own tools, and the good work already accomplished will be overthrown.

The extension of home rule desired is the freedom of the city from burdens for which it does not ask, and from commissions which are irresponsible to the people. These are objects which are indispensable to the just development of a sound system of municipal home rule, and every citizen who is satisfied with the character and results of the government which the aroused public spirit of the city has provided ought not to hesitate to come forward without delay, and at any necessary expense of time and trouble, to be registered. If the chief State candidates do not express themselves clearly upon this subject, Mayor Low promises to ask them to speak definitely: "Then I shall leave it to the people of Brooklyn to draw their conclusions." His address, like his election, is an encouraging illustration of the recuperative force of republican institutions. Parties are the servants, not the masters, of patriotic intelligence. When in the city of New York it was evident that the Tweed oligarchy was the chief danger of the community, honest men of both parties united to sweep it away. When in Brooklyn the same evil was manifest, party prejudices and ties were abandoned in order to save the honesty of the government, for the efficient administration of which alone parties rightfully exist. We do not doubt that Mayor Low's forcible, modest, wise, and patriotic appeal will be heeded, and that Brooklyn voters will rally around the true principles of city home rule as he defines it.

## MR. HEPBURN'S DECLINATION.

THE position of Congressional Representative at large from the State of New York, for which Mr. Hepburn was nominated at Saratoga, is one which may justly gratify a high ambition. It opens a most honorable opportunity of public service, and, like all public position, it is not to be lightly declined. No man with a decided taste for political life, and who is already entered upon a public career, would be likely to decline such a nomination without good reason, and the declination of Mr. Hepburn, therefore, is an incident of great significance in the New York canvass. He was a member of the Convention. He accepted its conclusions at the time. But after the lapse of a fortnight he writes: "It is quite apparent that, owing to the unfortunate circumstances that have come to light since the adjournment of the Convention, a very large portion of the Republicans of the State are not disposed to accept its conclusions as an authoritative utterance of the party." Mr. Hepburn justly considers such a situation as fatal to the harmony of the party, and he declines under such circumstances to accept the nomination, and suggests that the Convention should be re-assembled.

But the Convention, whose action he believes to have been thrown under a cloud by subsequent disclosures, had, by the careful thought of those who had obtained control, intrusted to the State Committee the duty of filling any vacancies that might occur upon the ticket. The Convention, therefore, could not be readily re-assembled, unless Judge Folger also had declined, in which event even the new State Committee would have probably yielded to the pressure of public opinion, and another Convention would have been called. If, indeed, Judge Folger, in view of the general and profound distrust regarding many proceedings at the Convention, had chosen to decline, for reasons which he could have well stated, a new Convention would have been summoned, he might have been renominated by general consent, and the path of his future political career would have led upward.

Mr. Hepburn's position is an important element of the canvass. It is of itself strong evidence. When a gentleman who is nominated for a position so honorable, and which he would gladly obtain, withdraws from the canvass because of his knowledge of the impression produced upon the party by "unfortunate circumstances that have come to light since the adjournment of the Convention," it means that he does not suppose the impression to be unfounded. It is obviously not improbable that the chief leaders in the action of the Convention would resort to the most questionable methods. The history of the snap-caucuses in Albany shows, for instance, what Mr. Smyth holds to be fair and honorable politics. Other kinds he is understood to regard as Sunday-school politics. But why, pray, are not Sunday-school politics likely to be as serviceable to the country as gin-mill politics? Mr. Hepburn has chosen to separate himself from all the questionable proceedings at Saratoga, and even from the mere party view of personal expediency he will not have lost by it. If the step he has taken is a sacrifice, it is one from which he will not suffer as a Republican. Had Judge Folger taken the same course, there is no Republican in the country whose political future would have been so bright.

## CITY POLITICS.

THERE is one problem from which good citizens of New York must never shrink, and that is the method of providing an efficient, honest, and economical government for the city. The municipal redemption of Brooklyn and of Philadelphia shows what is possible to resolute and intelligent devotion in a public cause, and a devotion free from selfishness. The condition of the public mind is most favorable to such an endeavor. There is a general determination to "clean up" politics once more, and every new generation of young voters fortunately supplies the faith and courage and energy which are indispensable to the work.

It is an essential preliminary to any real movement of the citizens, irrespective of party, to secure a proper government for the city, that it should not fall into unworthy hands. There are always a body of men who are ready to use the name of reform to turn a public movement to their own private advantage, and who, in anticipation of organized efforts toward any good object, attempt to secure control of it. As the time and the situation in the city are peculiarly propitious for an honest citizens' movement of the kind that we mention, it is worth while to remind every man who is ready to co-operate in such a work that he need not be led astray by mere declarations. There are two conditions which are indispensable to the success of an effort at municipal reform, and one is sure to go very far to produce the other. The first is the initiation of the movement by men whose character at once precludes the suspicion of any but public motives, and proclaims their practical ability; and the second is the co-operation of an adequate body of active, devoted, and determined young workers from house to house and at the polls.

By such means the city was rescued from Tweed ten years ago, and by the same means Brooklyn and Philadelphia were emancipated from a corrupt control. Such means would again give the city of New York a worthy administration to succeed that of Mayor Grace, who absolutely and positively declines under any circumstances to be renominated. His administration, upon the whole, has been satisfactory, in view of the enormous difficulties which necessarily surround the Mayoralty, and he is known to sympathize heartily with the purpose of rescuing the city government from the dangers which always threaten it—a purpose which he has sought to promote. We shall lock with great interest to see if any non-partisan citizens' movement is properly undertaken, and to such a movement, upon the conditions that we have mentioned, we should give our cordial support.

## A SUBURBAN PERIL.

IT is no wonder that the citizens of Mount Vernon are deeply excited by the late shocking disaster in the railroad tunnel—"a calamity but not an accident," as it has been truly called. The significance of such a calamity is not at all limited to those who have suffered by it and to their friends. It is of general importance to a city like New York, because so large a part of the active population comes and goes daily by rail to and from the neighborhood. If a man knew that in addition to the dangers which, as a thoughtful parent remarked, are "always and everywhere," there is the superfluous peril of fatal carelessness in the management of his means of access to his business and his home, life would become insupportable.

"A total of 192 trains a day go over the Fiftieth Street crossing: there are twelve trains inside of thirty-five minutes passing in and out of the Grand Central Dépôt," said one of the speakers at the Mount Vernon meeting. He insisted that it is impossible safely to run that number of trains within that time with the existing system and accommodations. However that may be, it is evident from the testimony given during the investigation of the late disaster that there was a flagrant want of care on the morning that it occurred, and that there is probably a want of proper and comprehensive management of the same kind that was shown in the inquiry into the Spuyten Duyvil catastrophe last January. The subject was discussed with warmth and point at the Mount Vernon meeting, and the fact was distinctly brought out that while the law practically forbids exemplary damages, one of the strongest inducements to a safe control of the thronged railroads is wanting. The railway accident law rates a human life at $5000. That is a fixed sum to be taken into the corporate account of chances and averages. But that is not a sound guarantee. If the moral coercion upon a corporation of the loss resulting from want of confidence is held to be sufficient to secure proper care, let that be understood. But if this is thought not to be adequate, and the terror of legal penalties is invoked, let the penalty be terrible.

In the war of feeling between the public and the great corporations, it is certainly wise for the latter to spend a little more money to remove the most fatal and obvious objection to any corporate management, the want of proper regard for human life. The three catastrophes of the last few months—that on the New York Central road at Spuyten Duyvil, on the Long Branch road, and now on the New York and New Haven road—have shown the suburban population of the city that they are exposed to a peculiar peril. They must not acquiesce if they mean to remedy the evil. Powerful and public and steady remonstrance, pertinacious suits for damages, and efforts for more stringent laws are the obvious measures to adopt. But the Spuyen Duyvil tragedy occurred last January. It is now the middle of October, and the law has not yet punished a single offender.

## A STATUE OF IRVING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* makes the excellent suggestion that a statue of Washington Irving should be erected in Central Park on the centennial anniversary of his birth, the 3d of April, 1883. The Park has become a kind of Walhalla, or hall of heroes, of all kinds and of all countries. Shakespeare and Scott and Burns and Humboldt and Goethe, with other famous men of other lands, are all commemorated there in bronze and marble, and fitly commemorated in this cosmopolitan city. But of American authors, the only statue, we believe, is that of Halleck, while of American authors the one whose gentle and gracious genius first made way for American literature in the regard of the world is Washington Irving, a son of the city of New York.

While Irving's mild literary precedence is acknowledged by the whole country, yet the State and the city of his birth, with which he is peculiarly and fondly identified, have an especial interest in him. No other American author is more intimately associated with a particular part of the country than Irving with New York, unless it may be Hawthorne with early New England. Irving gave us the word Knickerbocker, which belongs to New York as John Bull belongs to England. In his charming humorous romance of history, Irving rescued Peter Stuyvesant from the gathering shades of oblivion, and enriched the familiar tradition of the State with the figure of a doughty hero. The drowsy shores of Communipaw, the most secluded margin of the bay, have hardly yet, even in the roar of the railroad, thrown off the slumberous spell which his delicate touch of descriptive allusion cast upon it more than half a century ago. The young New York of the early century lives freshly yet in the Knickerbocker *Spectator*, the *Salmagundi*, of which Irving was the directing genius. The fairy legends of the Hudson and the Catskills are renewed to the delight of every generation upon his simple page. His kindly power has invested the beautiful river with a deeper imaginative beauty, and among all famous New-Yorkers there is none more truly beloved, as there is none of a surer fame, than Washington Irving.

A great park in the city of New York devoted in part to memorials of eminent men would be more noted for the absence of Irving's statue than for the presence of all the figures that now grace it. His statue belongs in the New York Central Park as that of Shakespeare belongs at Stratford, or that of Burns at Alloway, or of Goethe at Weimar. To this empire the province of Stuyvesant has grown, to this metropolis the little town of Diedrich Knickerbocker, to this stately and splendid pleasure-ground the trim and puny Garden of Salmagundian New York. And here in the midst should stand the statue of its gentle genius and poet and historian, Washington Irving.

## HANDY AND VALUABLE BOOKS.

The latest additions to the delightful series of "English Men of Letters" are the biographies of Dickens, Gray, and Swift. They are among the best of the series, and are all model biographies, appreciative, but discriminating and just. The writers are accomplished students and critics in English literature, and the three portraits are exceedingly vivid. That of Gray represents the shy and contemplative literary recluse; Dickens appears as the irrepressibly active and buoyant and teeming story-teller; Swift, the unhappy victim of his half-cynical genius, a solitary powerful political figure in a stormy time. Mr. Leslie Stephen, the author of the *Swift*, is probably as just as any biographer of that dark and inscrutable man. Thackeray's instinctive aversion to such a nature makes his account of Swift too sombre. He resents with warm feeling the savage outbursts of the wayward Dean, and his famous comment upon "only a woman's hair" treats a phrase of Swift's in a tone very different from that of Mr. Stephen, which is probably more just to the unhappy man. Mr. Stephen's work is a masterly study.

The melancholy Gray, in the volume of Mr. Gosse, appears as the victim of the eighteenth century, his genius stranded upon its intellectual and spiritual shallows and flats. Indeed, one of the English critics of the book regards him as a poet of very extraordinary endowment, whose poetic powers withered in an arid air and barren soil. But this is always a doubtful explanation of what "might have been." It is, indeed, a personal application to himself of his most famous stanza—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene."

But it is not to be forgotten that in the same sterile century, as it is called, Fielding and Burns and Goldsmith, to mention no other names, were born and died. It is curious to remark how singularly interesting a book can be made of the story of the eventless life of a university scholar. His scholarship was remarkable, and he was even called the most learned man in Europe. His chief glory, however, is the most perfect and popular of all minor poems in English literature—the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The pensive charm, the consummate art, of this work are imperishable, and every successive generation murmurs its long-drawn music with a tender chastening of spirit. Mr. Gosse's memoir awakens a kind of personal feeling for the poet, which deepens the spell of his great poem.

From Gray to Dickens is a leap from the studious cloister to the roaring street. The unconquerable and contagious animal spirits of the novelist, his extraordinary activity, his profuse and rollicking humor, give a sparkle to his life of which the tale is told by Mr. Ward more agreeably than by Mr. Forster. The intense self-absorption of Dickens is shown plainly, but it is so interpreted that it does not make in this volume the unkindly impression produced by Forster's portrait. The essential charm of the book is that while it does not unduly eulogize or evade, it produces the feeling toward Dickens which is undoubtedly the true appreciation of him. His faults and foibles, the defects of his literary art, and the limitations of his genius, are not concealed or denied. But as those who were nearest to him, and who knew him best, loved him most, so this intimate portraiture will remove many a prejudice, and even those whose earlier regard for the great novelist was somewhat chilled by Forster's narrative, and even by the letters, will recover their old friend and their old delight in the vivid and humane and humorous play of his genius. This series of books now contains many volumes. But it is an incomparable library of literary biography, and the busy man, who has little time for reading or study, who masters this series, will be admitted to a delightful knowledge of the character of great English authors and of English literature.

## THE GEORGIA ELECTION.

Among the political signs of the times the Georgia election must not be overlooked. Alexander H. Stephens has been chosen Governor by a majority of 50,000 or 60,000, in which, according to the accounts, must be included many Republican and colored votes. It is stated also that there was no intimidation, and that party feeling was greatly relaxed. Mr. Stephens, of course, is a Democrat, but an independent kind of Democrat, and his election shows rather release from iron party dictation than a mere Democratic victory.

Indeed, while national issues are somewhat in abeyance, the question of party reorganization and assimilation is working itself out in the different States. The contest is apparently intended to determine what party names shall mean. Both parties are plainly struggling to be first in the race of declarations for reform. The voters, meanwhile, knowing the relative value of words and deeds, are looking sharply to see which party actually undertakes reform.

When in a Southern State Democrats and Republicans, white and colored, unite in voting for the Vice-President of the Confederacy, it is very clear that the political situation is full of pleasant possibilities.

## CHALK.

The journey of the commission in quest of suggestions as to the tariff has not hitherto been brilliantly successful. It is true that the committee has been constantly told by persons whose business is already protected that were they to receive still further protection, the unlimited prosperity of the country would be secured; but it was known before the committee began its journey that precisely this suggestion would be constantly urged upon it. Of its truth there can be no question in the mind of any intelligent protectionist; for if it is cheaper for the public to pay two dollars for a protected article than one dollar for an unprotected article, it is very clear that the public would be on the high-road to wealth were the protected article to cost three dollars instead of two. However, the commission has at last made a valuable discovery, for it has been informed by certain North Carolinians that American chalk has been cruelly and unaccountably left without any protection whatever, and that it is the solemn duty of the government to protect this struggling American product by levying a heavy duty on English chalk.

It is really astonishing that the wail of American chalk has never reached the ears of our legislators. Chalk is an article of the utmost importance. It is one of the pillars on which the science of mathematics rests, for without chalk and blackboard the study of mathematics in schools and colleges, and the abstruse calculations of astronomers as to the weight of a volume of Patent-office reports on the planet Jupiter, or the distance to which a frog could jump on the surface of Saturn, would be impossible. Chalk enters largely into several very important manufactures—such as pure Orange County milk, for example—and is of inestimable value in lawn tennis and hop-scotch. Nevertheless, Congress has apparently never thought of chalk, and our greatest Philadelphian political economists have witnessed, unmoved, the loathsome spectacle of British chalk brought here as ballast on British vessels, and admitted free of duty.

Meanwhile the chalk of North Carolina has in vain struggled to hold its own against the pauper chalk of England. People could buy English chalk at a less price than it would cost to dig American chalk out of the ground, and accordingly, with a want of patriotism that was perhaps the result of thoughtlessness rather than of depravity, they bought the imported chalk. As an inevitable consequence, the production of American chalk languished, and instead of being independent in point of chalk, we are now almost wholly dependent upon England.

If Congress will place a heavy duty on imported chalk, all may yet be well. The moment people find that they can buy American chalk more cheaply than foreign chalk, they will prefer the former, and the moment that the North Carolinians find that they have a practical monopoly of the chalk market, they will dig it with enthusiasm. As a protection tariff is well known to create new industries, chalk will doubtless crop out in thousands of fields where it was never known while British chalk was on the free list, and milkmen who have to pay thirty cents for American chalk instead of the ten cents which they formerly paid for the same quantity of imported chalk will find themselves growing suddenly rich. Whether chalk should be classed as a "manufacture," a "beverage," or an "antiquity," is not very clear, but it undoubtedly belongs in one of these classes, and should be protected accordingly. The neglect with which our noble American chalk, that has never been contaminated by the influence of monarchical institutions, has been treated, is a disgrace to the country, and no time should be lost in putting a prohibitory duty on the foreign chalk with which designing British capitalists are filling the land.

## PERSONAL.

Notwithstanding his great age, the late Dr. Pusey took a leading part, until recently, in all affairs concerning Oxford University. His venerable figure, with the black skull-cap he invariably wore, was seldom missing from the meetings of the Council; but latterly deafness and increasing infirmities obliged him to withdraw from active life, and for some time his sermons to the University have been read from the pulpit of St. Mary's by his trusted ally and close friend Canon Liddon. He still continued, however, to be the person to whom his party invariably referred for direction and advice in all university or ecclesiastical questions. His correspondence was immense, and he was constantly consulted by perfect strangers. Even those most opposed to his school must admit that his influence was, on the whole, a good one. In private life his habits were of extreme simplicity, and the greater part of his income was spent in acts of unostentatious charity.

—President Arthur is having most satisfactory and successful recreation at Alexandria Bay, where he has landed large numbers of large fishes. For many years fishing has been the chief end of his summer existence, and killing salmon its crowning glory. At the commencement of his vacation they took him to a great clambake at Squantum, Rhode Island. After having inserted into his manly form some hundred odd clams he relucted at further manducation, having had *Squantum suff*.

—Mr. George W. Godfrey, author of *The Parvenu*, the new play successfully running at Wallack's Theatre, is of a clever family, his three brothers, Daniel, Frederick, and Charles, having for many years been band-masters of the three regiments of the Guards. Daniel Godfrey came here with the band of the Coldstreams at the big Boston Musical Festival some years ago. Mr. George W. Godfrey is a superior clerk in the English Admiralty Office, but has found time to do much dramatic work. He is now about thirty-eight or forty years of age, and is an entertaining companion and a lover of good stories. His wife, famed in London for her beauty, is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer appeared for the first time in public in this country at a reception given to him a few days since by the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. It was entirely informal. While in Washington he wandered about the city during the day, accompanied by his friend Mr. Lown, peering into the store windows and dropping into public buildings. The spectator saw a man of medium height, rather sparely built, with a long face, devoid of whiskers except a pair of slight mutton-chops, a complexion full and ruddy, and an immense pair of spectacles concealing his eyes. A soft felt hat, of a grayish color and remarkable shape and size, is pulled down on the back of his head, making a sort of nimbus, and the masses of grayish hair escaping from under it rather strengthen the nimbus impression.

—Bertha Rothschild, who recently married the Prince Alexandre de Wagram, bringing him an income of $150,000 a year, is spending her honey-moon at his château in a suburb of Paris—a grand place called Gros Bois, though not so pleasantly situated as when Napoleon gave it to Marshal Berthier. It had belonged to a noble family that had emigrated, and it had become national property. The first Emperor was liberal in giving such estates to his military followers, who, in accepting them, bound themselves over to join in no conspiracy which had for its object the bringing back of the Bourbons and the old aristocracy. The Prince de Wagram succeeded in having the grounds cut across by two railroads, in order to replenish his treasury by obtaining excessive damages, which he did through official connivance. The money enabled him to secure brilliant matches for two of his daughters. The third married Prince Joachim Murat as the Emperor was declining, and has since been obliged to ask her father for that income with which it was expected the Emperor would keep his cousin Joachim supplied.

—Mr. Carte, the manager of Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture tour in America, says that the profits of the manœuvre have been about $30,000, to be equally divided between the two high contracting parties.

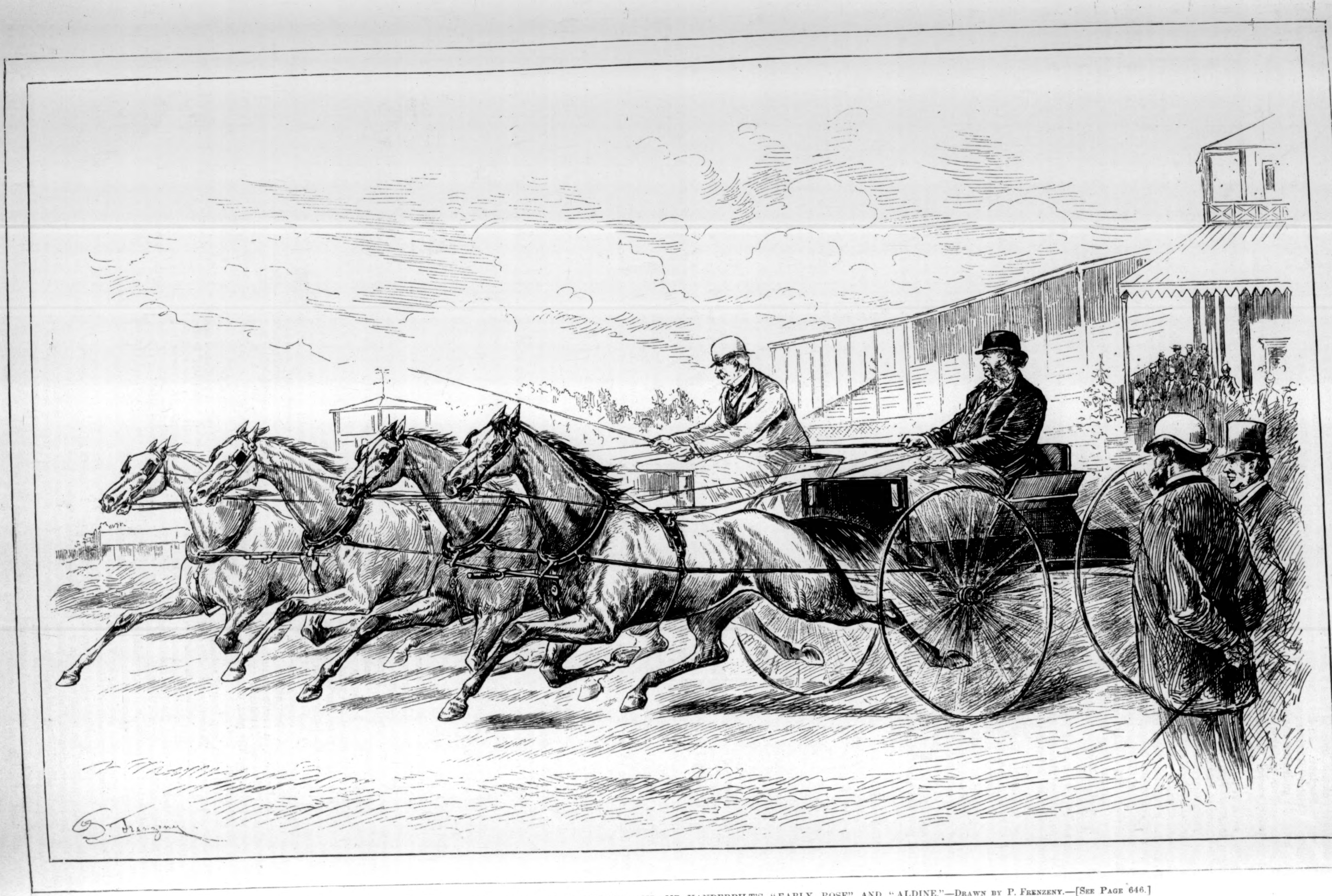
—The New York *Medical Times* gives the following interesting anecdote of the late Dr. Albert E. Sumner, of Brooklyn: "Shortly after his graduation he became associated with the writer in the medical care of the Home for the Friendless, New York. One morning, on going through the sick-ward, we found three of the children with unmistakable small-pox. All the inmates of the institution were vaccinated, and the sick sent to the Small-pox Hospital, Blackwell's Island. The next morning two more were down, and sent to the hospital. The next morning four more showed signs of the disease. It was evident we could not send the whole institution to the pest-house, and the gymnasium in the top of the building—a room some seventy-five feet long by forty feet wide—was made ready for the reception of the sick. Before the epidemic was controlled we had sixty patients, most of them with confluent small-pox. Not a death occurred in the entire number, while of the five sent to Blackwell's Island three died, one was blind, and the fifth was so deeply scarred as to be scarcely recognizable. These little children were watched and cared for by Dr. Sumner with as deep a sympathy and as much kindness as if each visit was to bring its pecuniary fee. In this short experience the key-note of his character, which has won him success, was distinctly revealed in the magnetism of a kindly heart, a genial nature, an intelligent brain, and an unflinching devotion to duty."

—Mr. Justus H. Rathbone, the founder of the order of the Knights of Pythias, still resides in Detroit. He was a school-teacher in Michigan when the idea of the order occurred to him. It now has a membership of 100,000.

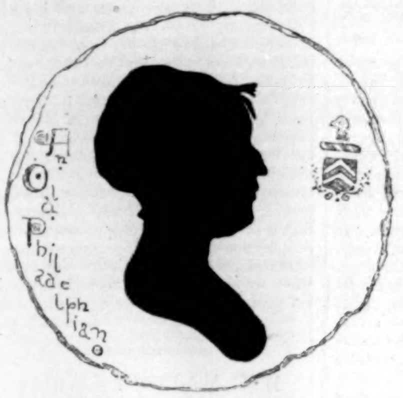
—Ex-Governor Tilden is not at all the invalid that some of our journalistic friends represent him to be. A representative of the Yonkers *Gazette* (the Governor abides at Yonkers) called at Greystone, the splendid country-seat of Mr. Tilden, and found him reclining on a lounge, reading, and resting from an hour's walk over his grounds. He enjoyed as a joke the newspaper reports as to his illness, his general health being better now than it has been in seven years. He takes two carriage rides every day, with a long walk between them, and frequently enjoys the pleasure of a horseback ride over the beautiful drives surrounding his residence. The other day he took a ride to Riverdale to call on some friends, which he enjoyed very much. His eye is as bright and his mind as clear and searching as ever.

—The Bishop of Sodor and Man is a wag. Recently at an English railway station a porter offered to assist him with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," replied the prelate, with a twinkle. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man, in good faith. "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a Dissenter."

—A daughter of Cooper, the novelist, writes to the Detroit *Free Press* that he requested on his death-bed that no sketch of his life should be written. The family inferred that his life had been so full of vicissitudes in many lands, and for years upon the sea, that nobody was in possession of facts enough to tell the story. The family mansion, Otsego Hall, was burned two or three years after his death. At the table in the library at Otsego Hall twenty of his books were written. "He always wrote two hours every morning, wrote rapidly, almost always with his own hand, and seldom erased or amended what he had written. Then he drove up to his farm, a couple of miles off. That was his favorite resort during the last years of his life. He generally went there to work rather than to rest. It was a battle with the mountain. He was determined that the farm should become a source of profit, and the mountain was determined that it should not. When he had cut off trees enough for a clearing, he had a contest with the great ledges that seemed everywhere to underlie the soil. In many places the plough could not be set in the ground for rods, and even acres, together. Every fall father would say, 'I guess the farm will pay next year.' But the most he ever got from it was vegetables for the table at the Hall."



THE RIVAL TEAMS—MR. WORK'S "DICK SWIVELLER" AND "EDWARD," AND MR. VANDERBILT'S "EARLY ROSE" AND "ALDINE."—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



# THE CITY OF WILLIAM PENN.

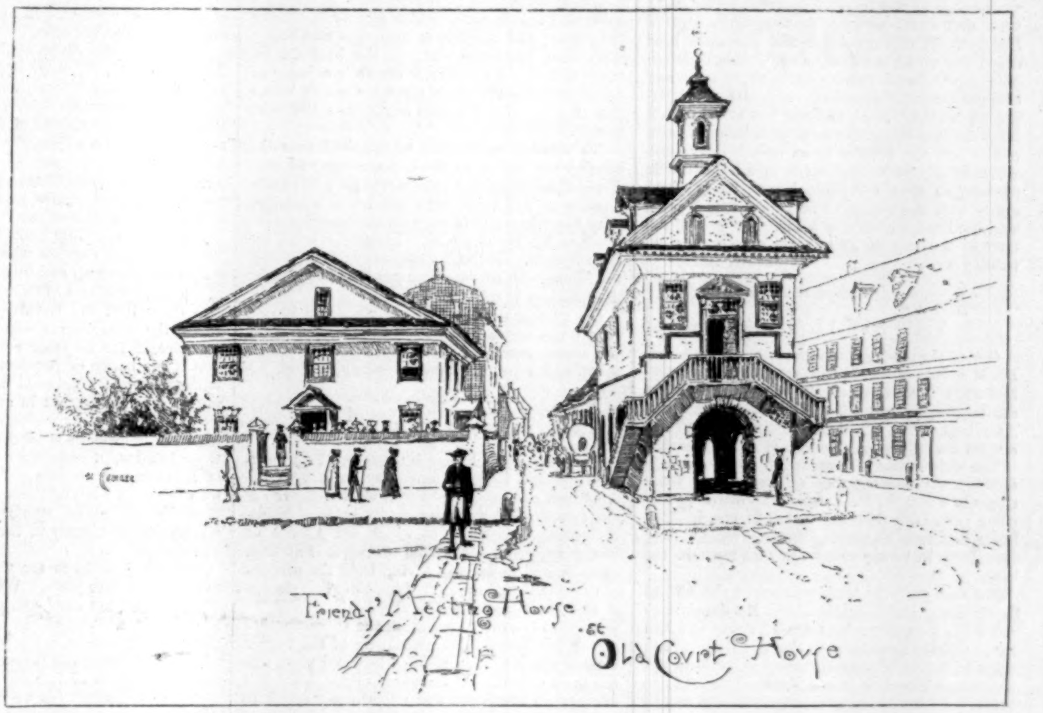
## IN FOUR PARTS.

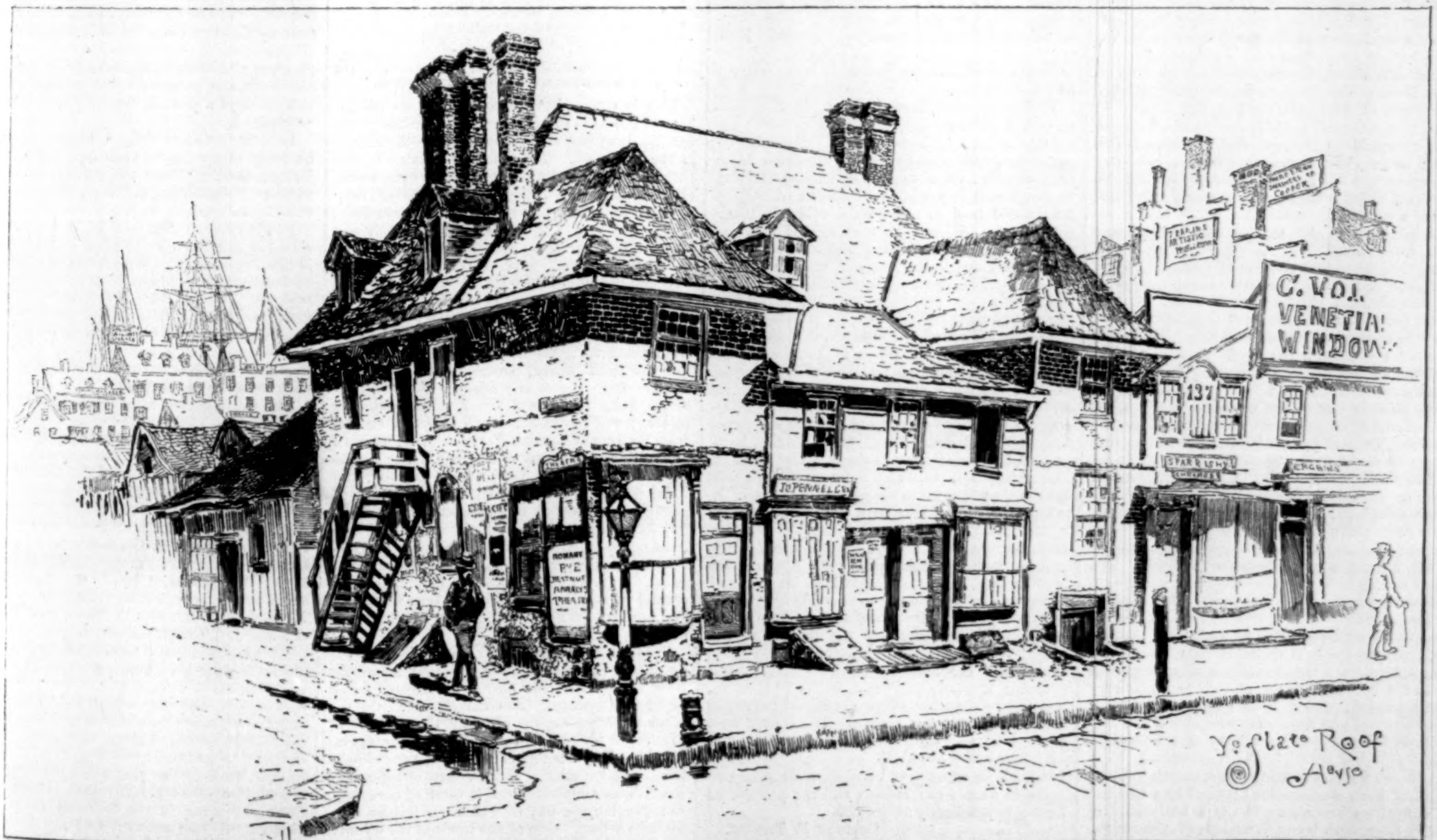
### II.

When Penn came the second time to America he found his struggling settlement transformed into a goodly town. Though its buildings were not very handsome, they had an air of comfortable prosperity, and the Governor, who had brought his wife and children with him, thought his old residence was no longer befitting the dignity of his station. To support the style and elegance expected from him, he moved into the house which has since been known to all familiar with Philadelphia antiquities as the Slate-roof House. It was large and spacious, and well shaded by stately old pine-trees, in which blackbirds and crows were wont to make their nests. **Penn** was a Quaker, but he was Governor as well, and none felt more than he the necessity of giving unto **Cæsar** the things which belong to **Cæsar**. If in his early life he refused to uncover his head in the presence of the King or of his parents, he had been at least particular that the quality of his hat was becoming to his position in the world. He was always careful as to his wigs, and was not at all above the vanity of shoe-buckles. This same concession to outward formalities was manifested in the regulation of his household. He had his footmen and coachmen, his carriage of state, and his barge to take him to Pennsbury. His cellar was stocked with good wine, he gave his dinners and suppers, and appointed special days of audience. But despite this elegance, and the pleasure of interviews with milliners and goldsmiths, Mrs. **Penn** and **Letitia** never became reconciled to the dullness of provincial life. **Penn** himself was seldom at home. Whenever he could get away, he rode through the province and territories, superintending the work of different bands of colonists, or else attending meetings, and preaching, as he had so often preached in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Two incidents that occurred during these trips give us a pleasant insight into his natural kindliness and simplicity. Once, as he rode through the country, he passed a child, bare-legged and bare-footed, walking in the dusty road-side, who looked very wistfully at his horse. Then he, the mighty Governor, abused by the discontented because of his mien, "equivalent to that of the Great Mogul," lifted the little foot-traveller to his side, and thus they entered the town together. Another time when he spent the night in a lonely house far away in the woods, he made so deep an impression on a child that the little fellow followed him up to his room, and peeped through a hole in the rough boards of the wall. There he saw the great man with clasped hands kneeling by his bedside in prayer, and awed thereby, he crept silently away to cherish the memory of that night for many a long year. When **Penn** was again called to England, before two years had passed from the date of his return, Mrs. **Penn**, who had not become more endeared to Philadelphia because of the birth of a son in that city, and "Tish," whose regard for the country was always at low ebb, as her husband said later, followed very willingly. The Slate-roof House witnessed many lively scenes after their departure. It was there that **James Logan** entertained Lord **Cornbury** when the latter came to the colonies to proclaim Queen **Anne** to her subjects over the sea. His host was proud enough of the entertainment he provided. "I hasted down to make provision," he wrote to **Penn**, in describing the affair, "and in a few hours' time had a very handsome dinner ready, equal, they say, to anything he [his lordship] had seen in America." In later years, though the house lost much in elegance, it gained in gayety. When Mrs. **Graydon** kept it as a boarding-house, it was frequented by the most prominent people of the day. British officers and American generals were counted among its inmates, **Washington** himself having probably passed some time within its walls. Gallants and fair belles whose names are not recorded in history filled the old mansion with the sound of their voices, while the more boisterous made it noisy with their practical jokes. One of these has been preserved for posterity. We still read how Dr. **Kearsley**, so famous afterward as a Tory, on one occasion rode on horseback into the parlor of terrified ladies, and even, like the Duchess May in the ballad, led his steed up the stairs, though not, like her, for "love and victory," but for mischief and deviltry. After Mrs. **Graydon**'s time the Slate-roof House went through as many changes as the cottage on Letitia Street; but when it reached "age's steepy night," instead of taking a new lease of life, it was torn down, and is now, like so many other human landmarks, but a shadowy memory.

**Penn**'s city was built on the plan of ancient Babylon, and a few of its streets and many of its inns were named after those of London, but beyond this it resembled neither capital. It was more like an English village, and the manners and customs of the people were, until the Revolution, marked by Quaker plainness and sobriety. Citizens all knew each other so well that if a stranger passed along the street he was as much an object of curiosity as a red Indian in wild dress is to-day. Every event, whether it concerned individuals or the community, became the subject of town talk. Equal interest was manifested in the rumors of the increasing number of wolves in the immediate vicinity, or in a late debate held by members of the Church of England with Baptists and Methodists. There were the same long sighs and mournful head-shakings over the failure of some worthy but unfortunate Friend and the revival of witchcraft in their midst, these both being evils they had hoped to leave in the mother country. Such were their topics of conversation as they sat on their porches in the pleasant twilight hour, when the air was fragrant with the sweet old-fashioned flowers with which their gardens were stocked. As a rule, their amusements were as tranquil as their occupations. At Christmas-time or on the occasion of a wedding there were dinners and suppers, and much punch-drinking and merry-making. But at other seasons recreations were simple enough. Fishing and hunting were all-sufficient for the men; and for women and children there were afternoon visits and walks through the woods in the "sweet summer-time." At all hours and in all places there was the same Arcadian simplicity. Work was plentiful, men were not ashamed of manual labor, and wages were good, so that paupers were scarce. If the number of criminals necessitated almost immediate clamors for a prison, there were, on the other hand, remarkably few physicians and lawyers—a fact which expresses volumes. Existence in old Philadelphia was peaceful as a pastoral. But its calm and quiet were only an outward guise for real Anglo-Saxon industry and energy. The Quakers maintained in their government and business transactions the same calmness and indifference which **Charles Lamb** thought distinguished their table manners. But beneath the idyllic surface was the very substantial prose of perseverance and toil. The increase of the population and the growth of city and province were soon sufficiently great to necessitate larger quarters for official purposes, and a court-house was built in the centre of Market Street where it is intersected by Second Street. This spot was the busiest and liveliest in the town for many long years. The sentences passed within the Court-House were executed at its very doors, the pillory and prison cage being placed there to facilitate the action of the law, and to serve as warning to the weaker citizens. The extremes of calm and unrest here met, for at one corner was the Friends' Meeting-House, built on the piece of ground given to the Quakers by **George Fox** himself—for "truth and Friend's sake," he had said in giving it. It was prim and plain in appearance, but around it was a pretty green lawn. The quiet scenes that took place inside its walls were in striking contrast to those enacted without. In front of it crowds gathered to listen to the Governors, who always made their harangues from the Court-House steps. There the mobs who sought to expedite elections by free use of clubs assembled; and there


Friends' Meeting House
at
Old Court House



Ye Slate Roof House

again stood the untiring men and women who drank in so eagerly the words of Whitefield, "that clever, conversable man," or the curious who lent ear for a minute to Michäel Welfare, who came with pilgrim staff and linen hat to demand speedy repentance from all who would escape the Divine vengeance.

It is well worth observing here, in the words of Scheffel, "the descendants have nobly continued what the forefathers bravely begun." With its million of inhabitants, and despite all the glowing splendor of streets and stores and public buildings, Philadelphia has not essentially changed in spirit from what it was even during the golden age of Penn. It has become wealthy; it has its rank among the two or three first "world cities" in extent and variety of manufactures; but the old quiet ease, and content with competency, and the primitive well-being which develops steady family life, are as strong as they were of old. There is no city in the world in which the *bourgeois*, the man of the middle class, is so much the ruler as in Philadelphia, which is the same as saying there is no other community in which there is so much average prosperity. It is usual to speak of Philadelphia as unenterprising. One is reminded by this of an English gentleman who, on being told if England ceased to be enterprising—*i. e.*, to extend her foreign conquests—she would sink to the level of Holland, replied: "I wish that every country in the world were a Holland. If common-sense and humanity governed the world, it would be so." But Philadelphia never lacks great enterprise in a plainly common-sensible direction. She was enterprising in the Centennial, and she has at all events been the first city in America or Europe to practically test the possibility of introducing handwork as a part of education in all the public schools, so that every child may be provided either with the means of making a living, or be well qualified to learn a trade. As of old, the men of the city of Penn work quietly, but exceeding well.

Elizabeth Robins.

## THE RIVAL TEAMS.

One of the most enlivening pictures in out-door life is a team of highly bred trotters keeping perfect step in a brush on the road, and the most exhilarating pleasure enjoyed by the average American gentleman of the present day is to own a team that can trot in the van of all competitors.

The wide-spread interest which now prevails in double-team trotting was awakened five years ago, when Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt drove his famous pair, Lady Mac and Small Hopes, in 2.23. Since that time aspirants for team honors have sprung up in nearly every city and town in the land.

For four years no team outstepped the 2.23 of Small Hopes and Lady Mac, until Mr. John Shepard, of Boston, drove his team, Blondine and Mill Boy, a mile to a road-wagon over the Beacon Park track in 2.22. This performance being for a valuable consideration, over a National Association track, it naturally led to much discussion among New York horsemen, and earnest efforts were made to regain their supremacy. Mr. T. C. Eastman drove Glendale and Captain Jack in 2.24; Mr. S. Foster Dewey's team, William H. and Boston, circled the mile in 2.22¼. Boston still held the leading team. Then Mr. Vanderbilt procured William H., and harnessed him at the pole alongside of Lysander. The veteran of the rein, Dan Mace, was placed behind the pair. Under his pilotage the team repeated in 2.20. Mr. Shepard lowered his flag, and the Hub was paralyzed.

In the mean time a hot rivalry sprang up in home circles. Mr. Frank Work believed that his team Dick Swiveller (with a single record of 2.18) and Edward (2.19), could throw a faster mile behind them than Mr. Vanderbilt's had done. Mr. Work also procured the services of Dan Mace. The team made the grandest performance of the year, closing the season of 1881 with a record of 2.19½, beating Mr. Vanderbilt's team half a second. Half a second is not much in the cycle of time, but there are several horsemen who will give a fair fortune for trotters that can honestly beat the best record one-quarter of a second.

A pleasant rivalry existed among horsemen this season until July 13. On that afternoon more than the usual number of members of the Gentlemen's Driving Association sat on the piazza of the club-house overlooking the track. Among them were some who doubted that Edward and Dick Swiveller had trotted in 2.19½. While discussing the matter, the team jogged by. Mr. Shepherd F. Knapp bet Mr. Work $1000 that the team could not trot in 2.20. Mr. Work placed John Murphy behind the team in a road-wagon. A hundred gentlemen held watches to time the horses. They glided to the quarter in 33¼ seconds; on to the half, without a skip, in 1.05; up the rise and past the point of rocks they trotted level as swooping swallows, reaching the three-quarters in 1.40; turning rapidly into the straight, they came along the homestretch, making a magnificent picture, and passed under the wire in 2.16¾, without a break from start to finish. The team had made a new revelation in trotting—together they had beaten their best single records.

The country was now scoured for fast trotters that would stride together at the pole. Particularly was an eye kept on the Grand Central Trotting Circuit, in which trotters were making records far better than the classes in which they were entered. Early Rose entered the Circuit with a record of 2.25¼. She reduced this to 2.20¾, without being crowded. Mr. William Rockefeller bought Early Rose for Mr. Vanderbilt. Then Aldine, at the last meeting of the Circuit in Charter Oak Park, distinguished herself by a fast and beautiful performance. She is a half-sister to Early Rose, both being daughters of Almont, the sire of more than sixty winners. She will make a fitting mate to Early Rose, thought Mr. Rockefeller. Acting on this idea, he purchased Aldine to go with Early Rose. They were harnessed together on the afternoon of the sale. William Bair, driver of Maud S., held the reins over them. Among the spectators were many members of the National Trotting Association, whose head-quarters are at Hartford. Starting together for the first time in their lives, the team jogged away on their mile at a moderate pace, stride for stride. When Bair reached the backstretch he saw that they wanted to go. He eased his grip on them a little, but not knowing their dispositions, still held them with a firm hand. They made the mile, without a ruffle, in 2.25—a most remarkable performance. Bair merely intended to give an exhibition of their style of going. If he had driven for time, he believed they would have shown 2.20 on their initial trial.

After training the team a few days at Charter Oak, Bair received a request from Mr. Vanderbilt to give the mares a fast mile, and then bring them to New York. Four men, more or less used to timing horses, one of whom held Bair's watch, noted the performance. The pair stepped off with grace and speed that astonished the beholders. The entire mile was trotted, without a break, in the fastest time, according to the watchers, ever made by a team. The man with Bair's watch made the time 2.16⅗; another called it 2.16½; a third said that it was one-fifth of a second faster than that; and the fourth man, who was half a mile away from the wire, on the backstretch, made it 2.17. Bair, who is certainly a judge of speed, believes the team trotted a shade better than 2.16½. But this does not make a technical record.

No trotting event ever telegraphed over the country has raised so much controversy as this. Veteran reinsmen who have met in friendly brushes on road and track for a quarter of a century have nearly come to blows over the question as to whether Mr. Work or Mr. Vanderbilt owns the fastest team. As both teams are in their prime, old Time, who solves many puzzles, may yet set the problem at rest.

Our picture on page 644 is not intended to represent the teams in a race, but merely to show the teams together; it should therefore not be taken as a solution of the doubtful question.

## TO ABOLISH HAZING.

The practice of hazing is not new. Transported from the English university, it has in the American college attained to a virulence, even if not to a system, unknown in its original home. If fagging—a custom of which Dr. Arnold of Rugby approved—is not its parent, it is at least its sister evil, since both spring from the propensity of tyranny on the part of the older and stronger over the younger and weaker.

Some of the rules respecting the subordination of the Freshmen to the members of the higher classes which were in vogue a hundred years ago are most quaint. At Harvard College in the last century no Freshman was allowed to "speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there." And every Freshman, with an occasional exception, was obliged to serve as errand-boy for "any of his Seniors, graduates, or under-graduates, at any time, except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening."

But these ancient customs may be esteemed most honorable to the Freshman in comparison with the indignities and barbarities which are at the present time occasionally heaped upon him, and which he frequently revenges by insults equally severe upon his persecutors. The past college year witnessed an unusually large number of cases of hazing of extreme severity. Kidnapping was a not infrequent practice, and the branding of victims by means of some strong acid was used to avenge insulted honor.

Various methods have been employed to put an end to all these inconveniences to which an upper classman subjects a lower. Penalties of suspension and occasionally of expulsion have been exacted. It is not to be doubted that the thorough and impartial enforcement of college laws would tend to remove the evil. In many colleges the practice has been treated with too great leniency. It has been regarded rather as a necessary evil than as an evil which could be removed. The growth of the feeling among college trustees and professors that hazing can and must be stopped tends toward its abolition.

The regarding of the student as a citizen of the town in which the college is situated, and as responsible to its officers for all criminal offenses, whether stealing a sign or hazing a Freshman, serves to weaken the force of the custom. Many colleges thus treat their members, and the members so regard themselves. The difficulty, however, in this remedy lies in the fact that cases of hazing may be perpetrated night after night and yet remain unknown to the officers of the law. It is not often that a Freshman can detect his persecutors, and could he detect them, it is even less often that he would divulge their names.

A method, however, which has stopped the practice in a leading college is both simpler and more reasonable than the two already suggested. It consists in the members of the two lower classes signing an agreement at the opening of the college year that they will abstain from all practices which are annoying to Freshmen. Such a pledge, if wisely presented, would without reluctance be signed by every member of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. The college man has a keen and high regard for his honor, and his honor would forbid the breaking of his pledge. Let such an agreement be made for one or two years in almost any college, and the practice of hazing is practically abolished.

Charles F. Thwing.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## PRESENT ASPECTS OF FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

The question of the desirableness of the rapid increase of our numbers by immigration has of late greatly disturbed the minds of Americans. The faith in our capacity to assimilate the masses of incoming foreigners has given place to doubt. We begin to recede from the traditional generosity which has offered our land as a refuge for the oppressed of the world. Already we have forbidden the Chinaman to come, and we wish that the Russian Jew would stay at home. It may be well believed that this condition of American thought will not be of long continuance. The United States census sheds a light on the results of immigration which should at once dispel all fear. Notwithstanding our immense accessions, there are thirteen States in which the native white voters exceed seventy per cent. of the entire voting population; twelve more States in which the white native voters are more numerous than those of foreign birth, though falling below seventy per cent.; ten other States in which the white and colored native voters comprise nearly the whole voting population; and three States only—Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Nevada—in which foreigners are a majority of the voters. Even in New York, which has absorbed so many immigrants, the native white voters are sixty per cent. of the whole number, and in Pennsylvania they are seventy-four per cent.

We may as well dismiss all apprehension that the foreign will, within an appreciable time, balance the native vote, even though our loose system of naturalization should continue. Should there ever be any ground of fear, our naturalization laws can be adjusted to the new state of facts; for the foreigner does not come to the New World in order to take part in an election, but that he may acquire land and have a home of his own. Moreover, the foreign population of our country is rapidly assimilated. Facts show that in the late election which gave to the Constitution of Iowa an article prohibiting the trade in liquors, foreigners voted for prohibition; facts also show that the Germans, by slow degrees, adopt the American practice of Sabbath observance, if for no other reason, for this one—that it is a badge of respectability. The assimilating power of a national life is usually underrated; it is an element in every nation of enormous energy, and by reason of the universal diffusion of knowledge is especially energetic in the United States. Surely, if we are changing a mass of heathen negroes into self-respecting citizens, we can do as well by the voluntary immigrants from Europe, all of whom have the habits of civilization, and many of them the rudiments of knowledge.

But we Americans are the last people living to indulge in race pride. We are not only to-day a mixed race, but our ancestors before us were a mixed people. The purest-blooded Puritan, who can trace his descent to the precious living freight of the *Mayflower*, the Huguenot, the Quaker, are but the children of fathers whose blood was enriched or corrupted (as we choose to take it) by all the streams of life that flowed through Europe. Defoe, in his "True-born Englishman," ridicules the prejudice against foreigners prevailing throughout the England of his day, in halting verse but capital satire:

> "For Englishmen to boast of generation
> Cancels their knowledge and lampoons the nation:
> A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
> In speech an irony, in fact a fiction."

After describing the Northern European and French sources of population, Defoe proceeds:

> "From our fifth Henry's time the strolling bands
> Of banished fugitives from neighboring lands
> Have here a certain sanctuary found:
> The eternal refuge of the vagabond,
> Wherein but half a common age of time,
> Borrowing new blood and manners from the clime,
> Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,
> And all their race are true-born Englishmen."

This is coarse, but vigorous, and does not go beyond the facts of history. Two hundred years ago, England was what we are to-day—the refuge of the oppressed. The immigrants came to her shores, as did our forefathers to America, to escape religious persecution. "No country," says Lecky, "owes more to her toleration than England. For nearly two hundred years a steady stream of refugees, representing the best Continental types, poured into her population. Some were incorporated in the British army, but by far the greater number were employed in manufactures. Cloth-makers from Antwerp and Bruges, lace-makers from Valenciennes, cambric-makers from Cambray, glass-makers from Paris, stuff-weavers from Meaux, potters from Delft, shipwrights from Havre and Dieppe, silk manufacturers from Lyons and Tours, paper manufacturers from Bordeaux, woollen manufacturers from Sedan, and tanners from Touraine, were all plying their industries in England. The manufacturers of silk, damask, velvet, cambric, and baize, of the finer kinds of cloth and paper, of pendulum clocks, of mathematical instruments, felt hats, toys, crystal and plate glass, all owe their origin in England wholly or chiefly to Protestant refugees, who also laid the foundations of scientific gardening, introducing numerous flowers and vegetables that had before been unknown, and improved almost every industry that was indigenous to the soil."

This is a long citation, but it is pertinent to our purpose. Has not Defoe's pregnant statement been verified that the incomers borrowed "new blood and manners from the clime"? On the other hand, the decline of Spain, the miseries of France during the first Revolution, were aggravated by the preceding expulsion of valuable elements of population. In these days of prosperity it will do us Americans good to think of our origin, to remember the way by which our fathers were brought hither. One of the latest of the colonial charters, that of Georgia, which is dated 1732, gave the land to Oglethorpe and his associates "in trust for the poor." The first colonists were debtors released by charity from English prisons; the next, a detachment of Salzburgers, whose deliverance from oppression and transfer to Northern Prussia is one of the beautiful idyls of European history; still others were Moravians, and others Highlanders from Scotland. They were the world's poor, but rich material for a young nation. Over them all, and by the force of his character binding all into unity, presided Oglethorpe, soldier, patriot, and philanthropist, the father of the state. From scenes like these our country's grandeur springs, and we are untrue to our origin, to the trust which we hold for the world, when we show ourselves inhospitable to the honest poor of whatever race or creed.

George R. Crooks.

## HER MAJESTY CHRISTINE.

I am seventy, gray, and staid.
I love well a little maid,
And she rules me like a queen.
She has such a royal way,
Whatsoever she may say,
I am eager to obey
Her small Majesty Christine.

She has robes of wondrous white,
She has sashes gay and bright,
Lace and ribbon for a queen;
Golden crown is not so fair
As her crown of golden hair.
Ah, what maiden can compare
With her Majesty Christine!

I have seventy summers told;
She's exactly five years old;
Promptly still obeys mamma.
But no one has ever seen
Such a slave to any queen
As I am to sweet Christine
When she calls me grandpapa.

Mary A. Barr.

## THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL CLUB.

After the most closely contested series of games played since the formation of the National Base-ball League, the Chicago Club has at length proved itself the strongest of eight clubs, and now holds the championship pennant for 1882–83. Of the 84 games played, the Chicagoes have won 55 and lost 29. The Providence Club, who were second in the race for the coveted trophy, won 52 of their 84 games and lost 32. Owing, however, to some dissatisfaction on the part of the Providence Club the Chicagoes have consented to play with them nine more games, the result of which shall terminate all disputes as to the championship. On page 652 are given the pictures of the men composing the most powerful base-ball team in the League. To those interested in base-ball, and who have from year to year followed the varying fortunes of the several clubs, the mere mention of the Chicago nine—the "White Stockings," as they used to be called—brings to memory scenes of many a well-contested game and hard-earned victory. In 1869 the Cincinnati Red Stockings, under Harry Wright, deemed themselves invincible, and their boasts to this effect were founded upon their phenomenal and unprecedented success; for in that season, although playing constantly, and accepting all challenges, they did not suffer a single defeat. This wholesale winning of laurels so aroused the Chicagoans that they determined to make an effort, and if possible place a nine in the field that should alter the scores of the Cincinnati men. For this purpose the Chicago Base-ball Club was organized in 1870, and during that season its white-stockinged nine met and defeated the hitherto invincible Red Stockings, and by this one act sprang into fame, and obtained a position that they have ever since maintained.

In 1876 they secured the services of four of the best men of the Boston Club, Spaulding, McVey, Barnes, and Jim White, and Anson from the Athletics of Philadelphia, and from these Spaulding was chosen captain.

In February of that year W. A. Hulbert, president of the Chicago Club, had called a meeting in this city of eight of the leading base-ball clubs of the country, and with their assistance organized the National Base-ball League. Mr. Hulbert was elected President of the League, and held the office until removed by death a few months ago. Upon his death Mr. A. G. Spaulding was elected both to the Presidency of the Chicago Club and that of the League.

The Chicago Club held the League championship pennant in 1876–1880 and in 1881. In a closely contested game played recently on the Manhattan Polo Grounds, in this city, with the Metropolitans, they defeated the home team by one run, the score standing 2 to 1.

This strong team from Chicago is made up of A. C. Anson, captain and first base; Frank S. Flint, catcher; F. E. Goldsmith and Lawrence Corcoran, pitchers; Thomas Burns, second base; E. N. Williamson, third base; M. J. Kelly, short stop; Hugh Nicol, right fielder; George F. Gore, centre fielder; A. Dalrymple, left fielder; and J. L. Quest, substitute.

Of these men Anson has been a member of the club ever since 1876, before which he played with the Athletics of Philadelphia, whom he accompanied on their European trip in 1874. He is from Marshalltown, Iowa, and has for years maintained the highest batting average of any player in the country. Flint ranks very high as a catcher, and for the work of the past three seasons has received a salary of $7500. Both Goldsmith and Corcoran stand in the foremost ranks of the pitchers of this country, and are men whose places it would be difficult to fill. Burns has recently taken QUEST'S place as second base. WILLIAMSON, who is a Philadelphian, has for several seasons made both the best batting and fielding average of any third base of the League clubs. GORE has the best record in the country for speed as a base-runner, and is said, during a game played in San Francisco, to have made the round of the bases, 120 yards, in the wonderful time of 14¼ seconds. The remaining players are all first-class men, and as good in their several positions as those already mentioned.

The grounds of the Chicago Club were formerly at some distance from the heart of the city, near the stock-yards, but are now within a few minutes' walk of its very centre, on the lake shore, near the Exhibition Building. On account of their accessibility the home games of the club attract immense crowds of spectators, and financially this club is in the best condition of any in the country.

## FOX-HUNTING IN AMERICA.

A PAINFUL reflection on fox-hunting in America is the fact that the fox so seldom has anything to do with the alleged hunt. It would seem to be thoroughly impossible to get the right kind of a fox, and in many instances to get any fox at all, for the hunts around New York, and this fact has had much to do with the difficulty of making the sport popular on this side of the ocean. The fruitless search which many estimable gentlemen have made for a fox that would combine a thoughtful moderation in his speed with a careful discrimination in his course over the country, so that his pursuers could ride easily and safely, has resulted in a wide-spread distrust in the fox himself, and an increasing confidence in the anise-seed bag. The fox is given to strange and disappointing freaks. After being confined in a box for four or five months he is suddenly set at liberty, while a score or more hounds and a dozen nervous huntsmen wait for a chance to chase him. The chances are that he will prove a delusion and a sham, for he is either so emaciated and sick from his long imprisonment that he won't run at all, but crawl into a neighboring thicket to die, or else he will scoot off in an entirely unthought-of direction, and return by a short circuit to his dismal box. In either case the chase is a failure. Again, the hounds are imported from England, and given little sport on this side, so that they acquire such a strong taste for butcher's-meat that they have little inclination to scour the country for the fox. When the dibilitated little animal is let loose from his box the hounds often look at him curiously, and if they were not pushed on by the whipper-in, Reynard's chances of escape would be excellent. The true spirit of the good old sport has passed away. The fashionable meets of to-day are mockeries compared to the fox-hunting in America years ago, when the uncertainty of even catching the fleet-footed fox just driven from his hole, the rushing chase over rolling country unbroken by the plough, and the sudden cry of discovery and struggle to be first in at the death, made the sport as exciting as any other in the world.

In the colonial days, when the Virginia and South Carolina planter looked to England for his supplies of iron, window-glass, household utensils, and books, it became quite natural for him to watch the sports of that far-off island with as much interest as he did the prices of cotton and tobacco on London Docks. England's sons and daughters boasted their love of out-door sports, and it was therefore quite natural that her far-off colonies should adopt the amusement which in the mother country was the most popular—fox-hunting. There were few planters a hundred years ago who could not boast as fine a pack of hounds and as pure-blooded jumpers as could be found on any estate in England. The sport throve wonderfully here at that time. The fatal spring of the steel-trap and the crack of the sportman's rifle were superseded by the baying of hounds and the cheering of the huntsmen sweeping over the country in hot chase. In those days poor Reynard was driven from the hole in which he had dragged his stolen fowl, and he sped away over miles and miles of stiff country, striving to save his life and his only immortal part—his tail. The hungry hounds, restrained till impatient of the scent, were loosed, and followed mile after mile, skirting the wood, diving down through the glen, brought to a stop at the stream where the wily fox had doubled on his track, losing the scent, then finding it, and springing off again, hotly pursued by the huntsmen, cheering wildly as they cleared fence and hedge and stream.

In those days hunting required courage, a firm seat, and a good mount, and zest was added to the sport by the uncertainty of the run and the feeling that the fox had a good chance to escape if the pursuit was not bold and hot. What a difference is the spectacle presented to-day! At two o'clock of a fine afternoon on a hunt-day may be seen the members of one of our most fashionable hunt clubs on their way to an exciting chase. They drive up to the ferry-house at the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street in their cabs and broughams, one after another, and meet on the ferry-boat that conveys them to the train destined for the village where their horses and hounds are waiting. They are odd-looking men, and the mechanics, clerks, and laborers on the boat stare at them open-mouthed, while the factory and shop girls make facetious remarks and giggle convulsively. The huntsmen keep together, and talk in a mysterious way that includes many incongruous things—English hunting lingo, Yankee idioms, New York slang of the better sort, and a queer way of jumbling up broad British vowel sounds with native nasal tones. They object to smiling, speak in loud tones, and tap their boots loudly with their English whips. They wear silk hats, pink coats of which they are intensely enamored, hunting breeches that are somewhat severe on their legs and boots. Often they are accompanied by fresh-faced English grooms clad somewhat like themselves, but looking vastly more at ease.

The huntsmen usually wear the single glass, and exhibit a tendency to ignore and gaze over the heads of other people who do not hunt the fox. When they arrive at their quarters they mount their horses—usually blooded stock—and start off after the hounds. The anise-seed bag is chased over some level roads and fields by the pink coats, who ride at a furious canter, take the lowered fence rails with breathless recklessness, and return, quite exhausted, just as dinner is announced. The scent is often arranged, through the thoughtfulness of the anise-seed bag, so that the course is circular, making the death of the bag at a point near the house where the huntsmen, wearied by the dangers and escapes of the chase, may dine without unnecessary fatigue in riding in. This is one reason why the bag can afford to give odds to the fox in popularity with the huntsmen of 1882.

It has been found very difficult to revive hunting. The early hunts of the Staten Island Club ended so ingloriously that the organization was dissolved after the second meeting, and the chase abandoned in disgust. It was all the fault of the fox. The Master of the Hunt was fired with enthusiasm at the thought of a good run, and entered into negotiations with a New York dealer in animals and birds for a first-class fox, for which he paid twenty-five dollars. The dealer sent it down to Staten Island on a schooner loaded with bricks, and the fox was kept in a box on deck while the schooner discharged her cargo at the brick-yard. During the week all of the members of the newly organized hunt visited the fox, examined his alleged "points," poked him with their horn-handled English sticks, and announced that he was a good one. On the eventful Tuesday they all met in the field, looking rather frightened in their pink coats, and scowling fiercely at the gibes of the small boys. They waited and waited for the fox, but he did not come; and when the Master of the Hunt went down to see about him, the captain of the schooner (who was a brother to the dealer in animals and birds) wrung his hands in anguish, and said that the fox had escaped the night before. Then the Master of the Hunt went back to his fellow-huntsmen and told them the news, and they went home and took off their clothes, while the small boys expressed themselves freely because there was "no parade." The Master of the Hunt then went to New York, and told the dealer in animals and birds what had happened, and the dealer appeared overcome, but agreed to have another fox on the grounds the following Tuesday if he had to take him there himself. So the Master of the Hunt paid the dealer forty dollars, as this was said to be a superior fox, and the next Tuesday the huntsmen were all arrayed once more, and waiting for the prey. There was a great crowd assembled, and the boys were making inquiries for the band wagon of the circus, when the fox was hurriedly brought up.

The Master of the Hunt then said he would give ten dollars to the owner of the hound that first captured the fox. The most intense excitement prevailed. The throng held its breath, the huntsmen reined in their prancing steeds and leaned forward in their saddles, the small boys screamed like Piute Indians, and the owners struggled to hold their hounds in. Everything looked like a long and exciting chase. There was a shout as the fox was liberated, but he had not jumped away before the owners all loosened their hounds at once, and poor Reynard was killed before he had gone twenty feet, and every hound-owner was clamoring for the ten-dollar prize. The members of the Hunt looked at one another in silent despair, and started home, when a cry from the Master of the Hunt called them to the spot where the dead fox lay.

"I say," cried the Master of the Hunt, excitedly, "this 'ere thing's a regular do, you know. Don't you recognize this 'ere fox, eh? Why, I'm blessed if it ain't the self-same fox that I bought in the first place for five-an'-twenty dollars, and he never escaped at all! It was only a go to have me buy him over again for forty dollars. I say it's a regular swindle, I do."

Then they all went home and resolved to give it up, and the small boys fought for the fox, and established a circus of their own.

Fox-hunting has been unquestionably the most difficult of all sports to introduce in America of late. There are some enthusiasts who love the sport for its own delights, and not for its fashionable aspect, and it is to these gentlemen that whatever measure of success the sport has attained falls due.

The history of fox-hunting about New York is within the recollection of every man. There are four hunting organizations in the immediate vicinity—the Meadow Brook Club, the Rockaway Hunt Club, the Queens County Drag Hunt, and the Essex County Hunt. All of them have quarters partaking of the character of a sportsman's inn, with racing stables and kennels attached. They make an effort to follow the English plan of entertaining the farmers at the end of the season with a ball and supper, but so far it has not met with much success, as the farmers are strongly opposed to the huntsmen, and do everything in their power to thwart them in their efforts to establish the sport. The first attempt to revive hunting was made near Hackensack, New Jersey, in 1875, but the farmers fought the sportsmen off their fields with hay-fork and gun, and the movement was abandoned. Two years later a drag pack was established at Meadow Brook, near Garden City, Long Island, which was composed of ten couples of hounds, harriers imported from Ireland, having an average height of eighteen inches. This was the Queens County Drag Hunt, and they successfully hunted the fragrant anise-seed bag for two years, without loss of life or limb, and then removed to Westchester, and established themselves in Castle Inn. Again the farmers, unmindful of the glory that the pink coats were heaping upon their land, stood their ground, armed with fire-arms and legal injunctions, and drove them out into Queens County, whence they go to Newport every year for a season of two weeks.

At Newport the most brilliant meets in the country take place, but there is constantly increasing trouble with the farmers, who are determined to put a stop to it next year. They have received unexpected assistance in the co-operation of Mr. HENRY BERGH and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has declared the sport cruel, and threatens legal measures for its suppression. When the Queen's County Drag Hunt left Meadow Brook a number of wealthy gentlemen who had country-seats in the neighborhood established the Meadow Brook Club, which is incorporated, and has a membership of fifty of the most fashionable young men of New York. This club has the best pack of hounds in the country, but they only hunt the bag. A fox would give himself up at once rather than try to escape over such a stretch of flat country as that about Meadow Brook. The Rockaway Hunt Club is in the immediate vicinity. There is great rivalry between the two organizations. The Essex County Hunt is a small club established near Orange, New Jersey. There is a good hunt club in the neighborhood of Baltimore, and another near Boston.

## ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Native and Foreign Accidents.—Sycophancy extraordinary.—Effect of Music on Insects.—Rejected Philanthropy.—A new Use for a Donkey-Cart.—A Thanksgiving Advertisement.—For Time or for Eternity?

IT is a curious example of the narrow grooves in which public interest works that while the death of a British tourist in Switzerland has evoked the usual observations from the press—on the one hand, about the folly of mountaineering, and on the other, about its nourishment of English pluck and endurance—not one line of sympathy has been given to the poor clergyman who perished on Great Gable, in Cumberland, during the same week. It has been said concerning English apathy to the horrors of war that "such things are merely Continental"; but in the matter of climbing mountains the case seems to be reversed: we decline to interest ourselves in any catastrophes that do not happen out of England. Except the Pillar Rock in Ennerdale, I believe Great Gable is the most precipitous of English mountains, and though it has no crevasses nor avalanches, it is not the first time that the tourist has found his death there. To my mind, such incidents among the snows of Switzerland, where nature, cold and passionless, seems to resent man's intrusion, are much more natural and therefore less likely to excite sympathy than when they occur among the verdant hills and smiling lakes of our own country.

It is difficult to plumb the depths of sycophancy, especially when exhibited by civic dignitaries; but I do think we have now got to the bottom of it. It is impossible that any one can go further in that direction, even on his hands and knees, than the Lord Mayor of London went last week. In proposing the health of the Queen he used the following language, for a parallel to the flattery of which we must go back at least two hundred years: "We know," he said, "that her Majesty is guided by a judgment and a discretion, by a wisdom and by virtues, which seem almost superhuman, and border on the Divine." If all this arises from the gentleman's having been made a baronet by her Majesty, what language would he have used if she had made him a peer!

Herr Gruber (a gentleman with a very appropriate name) has been discovering novelties about insects. He finds they are much influenced by music, though without possessing very delicate ears. It is a frightful thought that B flats should be attracted by people who snore, but it is possible. The cockroach, our professor finds, is very sensitive to the notes of the violin. When hung by one leg to a string, and "when all is quiet," if the bow is drawn sharply over the strings within four feet of him, he will become greatly agitated. It strikes me, however, that if the professor himself were hung by one leg to a string, he would be considerably agitated, whether a violin was played in his vicinity or not. Beetles, he also found, were readily affected by sound, especially the water-beetle. "On the other hand, various larvæ, especially the ephemerides," would be totally unmoved though you played the bassoon to them.

The discouragements to philanthropy have been always numerous, but the very worst return for a kind action seems to have been reserved for Mr. Denby, of Camberwell. This gentleman, perceiving a tall old man with a crutch, apparently blind and seeking for convoy across a crowded street, proffered his services as a guide. No sooner did he do so than he got his hat crushed in and his head broken, while a voice in terrible accents inquired how he dared to insult "a gentleman from Ireland." His conduct seems typical of that of his countrymen, where it is always the good Samaritan who falls among thieves.

Encouraged by the favor of the magistracy, "wife beating" has become quite a science, the aim of which apparently is to discover how far a man may go in the infliction of domestic discipline. I think Mr. Samuel Branwell will have a good chance of carrying off the first prize. After thrashing Mrs. B. with a whip-stock in the orthodox manner, he threw her down and "drew a donkey-cart backward and forward over her."

In Kensington Church last Sunday a parishioner returned thanks, through the officiating minister, for the benefit he had derived from drinking the waters of Homburg. This appears to me to open the flood-gates in the way of advertisements. If Homburg, why not Aix, or Vichy?—nay, why should not the thanks of the congregation be offered for the advantage I derive from Apollinaris water (especially when mixed with a little claret)? Clergymen, however, are just now doing much funnier things than that. A reverend gentleman in the New Kent Road has been rivalling the Monthyon prize of virtue, and making a "Rose Queen" out of the best-conducted young woman in his parish; she has had her "coronation," attended by "twelve maids of honor," and a gift of a purse of gold. On the occasion of her enthronement the young gentlemen who had attended the most church services during the year were also rewarded. William Broom got the prize, as well he might, for he went to church five hundred times. New Brooms are said to sweep clean, but let us hope, having won his reward, he will not now absent himself from church altogether on the plea that he has done enough, or that there is nothing more to be got by it.

I am sorry to say that my friends the Salvationists have begun to quarrel about watches. Just as it is not lawful for any officer in the Queen's service to accept titles of honor without her leave, so General Booth does not allow "testimonials" to be offered to his officers. Three of them, however, have had gold watches given to them by grateful audiences in acknowledgment of their distinguished "services," and they won't give them up. They have not gone the length of saying they will see the General at Jericho (or farther) first, but they have stuck to their watches. "Very good," says the General; "you are for Time, I am for Eternity." He has not put it in these words, because he is not a humorist, but such are his sentiments; and in the mean time the watch-keepers have organized an opposition campaign.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

## BURNING OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

AT three o'clock on the morning of the 30th of September one of those deplorable disasters for which the waters of our Western rivers have become so sadly noted occurred on the Lower Mississippi. The splendid steamer *Robert E. Lee* was totally destroyed by fire, thirty-five miles below Vicksburg, while on her first trip of the season between that city and New Orleans, and with her were lost twenty-one human lives and a valuable cargo.

The *Robert E. Lee* was one of the finest steamers plying on the river, and both on account of her name and for her own superior qualities was a universal favorite. She was a large side-wheel boat of 1479 tons burden, built expressly for the carrying of cotton, and admirably fitted for the accommodation of passengers. She had been laid up at Vicksburg for five months, during which time she had been thoroughly overhauled, and newly painted throughout. She left Vicksburg for New Orleans on Saturday evening, with a number of passengers, and a freight list containing five hundred bales of cotton and a large miscellaneous cargo. It was the opening of the busy season, large amounts of cotton awaited her at the various landings along the river, and everything promised a successful trip.

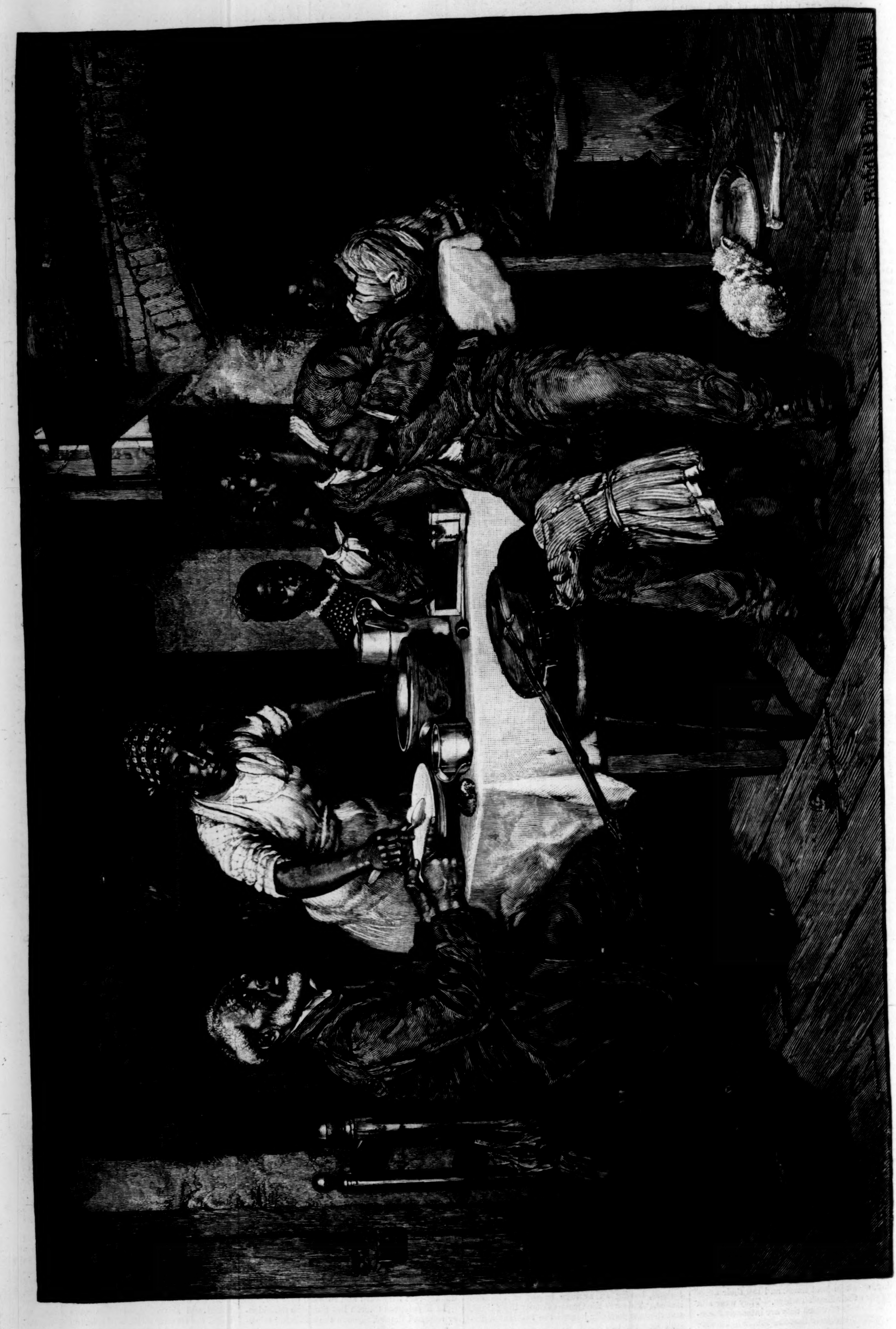
Her last landing was made at Ashwood, about twenty-five miles below Vicksburg. Soon afterward, when the steamer was in the middle of the stream, under full headway, and all of her passengers and crew except those on duty were buried in profound slumber, the engineer saw a sheet of flame burst from the pastry-room on the lower deck. He instantly notified the pilot, who at once headed the boat toward the nearest bank. The flames darted along the light, freshly painted wood-work as though it were tinder, and in the few minutes that elapsed before the boat was run hard and fast aground at Yucatan Plantation, on the Louisiana shore, she became a rushing mass of fire, the glare of which illuminated the river for miles. Nothing was saved, and those who escaped did so in their night clothes, or in whatever they happened to have on at the time of the first alarm.

By their heroic conduct Pilot JOHN STOUT and Engineer WILLIAM PERKINS add their names to the long list of Mississippi steamboat men who have ennobled their calling by deeds of daring and by stern adherence to duty in times of greatest peril. Although nearly surrounded by fire, and blinded and choked by dense smoke, the pilot did not flinch nor release his firm grasp of the wheel until the bow of the steamer was run high on the bank, and his only remaining duty was that of self-preservation. He then made his escape in safety, but with the greatest difficulty. The engineer, though in the very midst of the flames, also stood at his post, facing a horrible death calmly, because it was his duty to do so, until the pilot rang for the last time the bell relieving him, when he too successfully made his escape.

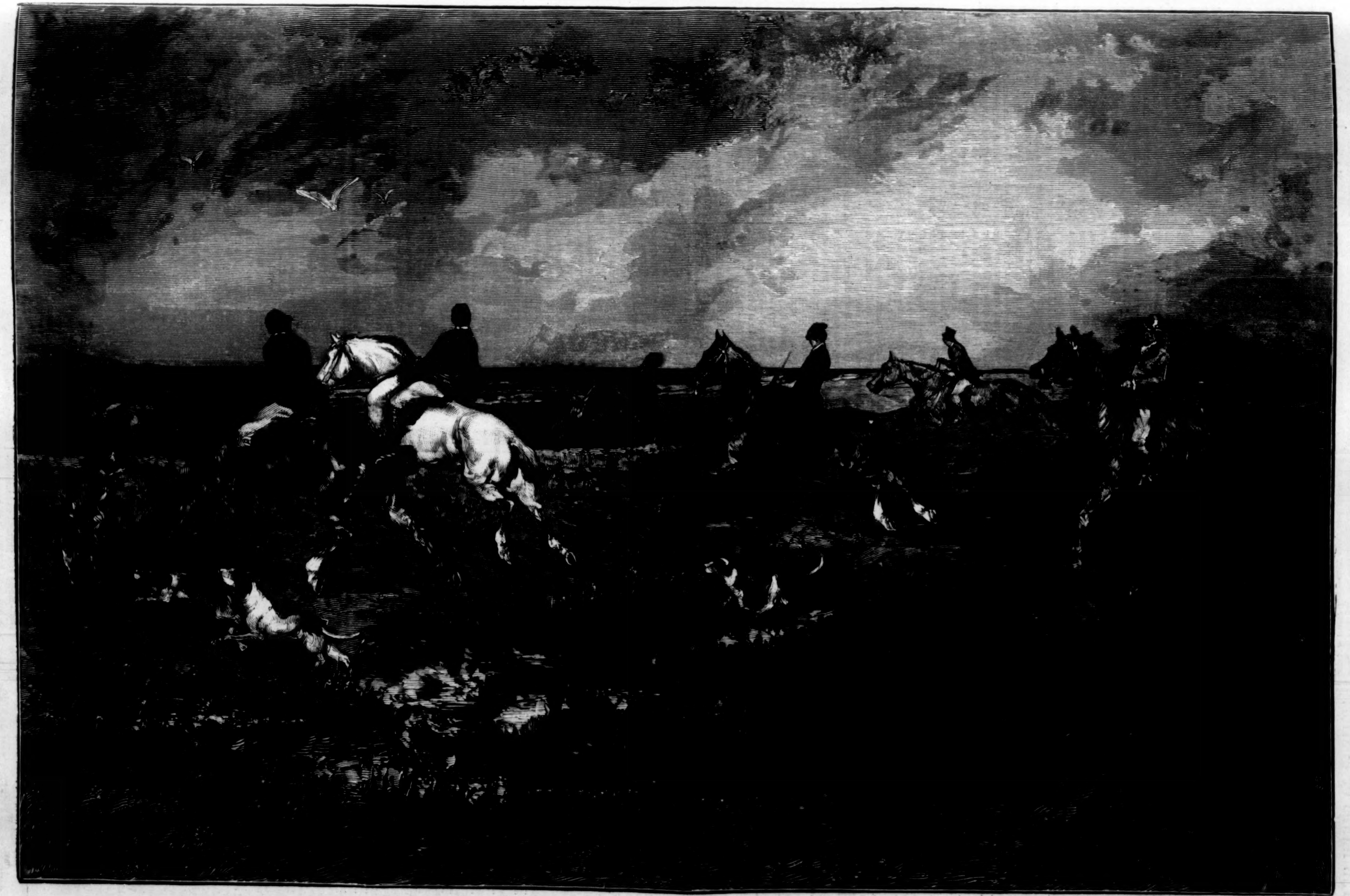
With the onward rush of the steamer the flames were driven aft, and the greatest loss of life was among those who slept in the after-cabins or down below. The majority of those lost belonged to the crew, and include the second engineer, the carpenter, a fireman, all the cooks and their helpers, a deck hand, five cabin-boys, and two chamber-maids. Of the six cabin passengers lost, four were women and one was an infant.

The *Lee* was valued at $100,000, and insured for half that amount. The origin of the fire remains a mystery, as no lamps were burning in the room from which it burst, nor were any combustible materials stored there, and it is feared that it may have been the work of an incendiary.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning the almost naked and shivering survivors were taken on board the steamer *J. M. White*, bound up the river, and returned to Vicksburg.



"THE PASTOR'S VISIT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY RICHARD N. BROOKE, IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



A FOX-HUNT ON THE NEWPORT DOWNS.—Drawn by George Inness, Jun.—[See Page 647.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1346.]

# THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

## BOOK THE FIRST

CHRONICLES THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF JOHN WOODHATCH, AND THE VERY BAD INTENTIONS OF GREG DORWARD.

### CHAPTER IV.

### GRAVE DOUBTS.

MRS. FRETWELL rested her two hands on the right shoulder of her husband, and looked down at the pages of this big ledger of human lives which he had been studying. She could make very little out of the cramped penmanship of her father-in-law, who had kept the books sloppily, and been evidently fond of smudges for pure smudges' sake, so frequently had he drawn a finger over lines of statement which he had thought better expunged in this fashion before the ink was dry.

Felix Fretwell, the present ruler of this "Home of the One Chance"—as John Woodhatch had called it—had, however, already mastered the history, and was prepared to interpret it for his wife's behoof when she would hold her tongue and allow him to proceed.

"It's a curious mix-up, and wants watching."

"Wants washing?" asked Mrs. Fretwell, who was a little deaf. "Who—what does?"

"Fanny, don't be quite a fool," said Mr. Fretwell, plaintively, but rudely; "here's quite enough to harass a man without your ridiculous remarks. It looks like a plot to me; but then why did he leave a check for five hundred pounds this afternoon?"

"Perhaps there'll be no money to meet it at the bank."

"Perhaps there won't," Mr. Fretwell said; "all his larks, after all. And yet he did not look larky; he seemed pretty well in earnest."

Mr. Fretwell planted his elbows more firmly on his ledger, and ran his hands through his wiry hair again.

"I might get into trouble in a minute if the Board turns against me. I'm not quite certain if that Greg's all right now. I've sent to see."

"Well, what is it, Felix?" inquired his wife. "I don't see why you should worry about this more than about anything else. Where's the trouble?"

"The report says, Fanny, that John Woodhatch—the very man who came to-day, mind—was tried for attempted murder when he was eleven years of age. He could not read or write; he knew nothing of religion; he had neither father nor mother, nor any relations; he had been brought up as a thief, and in a den of thieves, where he stabbed a man with a knife, and ran away, leaving him for dead. It was thought the man would never recover, and his deposition was taken at the hospital. Oh! John Woodhatch was a terrible character then; and he did not improve when he was sent to this place, *that* I can see."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Fretwell, phlegmatically.

"The reports are all against him; and the man who was nearly killed was a Dorward—Gregory Dorward—the very name of the boy who has been such a caution to us here. That's what I can't quite make out."

"Why?"

"They're all one gang," he replied. "There's a scheme in it, and I can't see to the bottom of it."

"You will to-morrow, perhaps, when your head's clearer."

"Fanny, I haven't been drinking," he murmured, reproachfully.

"No, but you're muddled in mind," Mrs. Fretwell remarked. "You always are, Felix, when you've anything to bother you."

"It's enough to bother anybody," he grumbled. "Why did he pretend to ask my advice as to the worst boy, and know all along which boy he wanted to see? That was clear humbugging. That was all his infernal artfulness."

"Yes, I think it was," assented Mrs. Fretwell.

"But I'll be even with him," exclaimed the master. "I have sent to have Greg searched, and make sure nothing was passed to him. And to-morrow I'll write to the Board, and tell them the check I have forwarded is probably worthless."

But the morrow proved that John Woodhatch's contribution to the funds of the Reformatory was perfectly genuine, and was duly honored by John Woodhatch's banker. Mr. Fretwell forwarded to Mr. Woodhatch an official receipt, with the thanks of the Board, who had not been grateful for Mr. Fretwell's vigilance, and had only replied to it in this way: "Permit Mr. Woodhatch to visit the Reformatory at any day and hour he may select, and afford him all the information that he may require as to the character of the boys, and the general working of the Institution."

"He has a friend at court; that's pretty certain, Fanny;" and it *was* pretty certain that he had, assented his pale wife.

Well, it was no business of the master's after this; he had done his duty, and there was an end of it, so far as he was concerned. At least Felix Fretwell thought there would have been an end, only his besetting weakness was curiosity, and there *was* something very remarkable in the interest shown by John Woodhatch for that troublesome specimen of boyhood designated "Greg."

"All one gang, all a scheme of some kind," he muttered for days afterward, and two or three times a day, John Woodhatch's mysterious movements being still upon his mind.

After all, he was a good servant of the institution, with a horror of being "done"; a suspicious man, as was natural, considering his surroundings; a trusty house-dog, short and sharp and faithful. Mr. Woodhatch had not taken him into his confidence, had not said what he was going to do with Greg Dorward; and yet had permission from the Board to take the boy away and train him as he pleased. And the Board was aware that Mr. Woodhatch had been a disreputable character himself, and snubbed him, Felix Fretwell, when he quoted from the report-book a few of the grim antecedents of this new patron of the establishment.

He thought he would try and learn a little from Greg himself; it was as well, perhaps, to try, in case of anything turning up presently, when he might be blamed. Hence, a week or fortnight afterward, when Greg had sobered down and was sullenly doing his share of work, Mr. Fretwell attempted to glean a fragment or two of truth by cross-examination. It was in the airing yard, as Greg was wheeling a barrow toward the storehouse, that Mr. Fretwell stopped him; and Greg paused, touched his cap, and looked from under his brows at the master.

"Well, Greg, your time is nearly up. Another six weeks, and you are a free man."

Greg nodded, and then, without a smile upon his thin face, grasped the handles of the barrow again. He did not like Mr. Fretwell, and he did not care to talk to him. He would rather work, hard even—much as he hated work—than waste words and breath upon him at any time.

"Do you think Mr. Woodhatch will keep his word?" said Mr. Fretwell, as he walked on by Greg's side.

The boy looked up again with his peculiar and furtive scowl, and said, "Who's he?"

"The man who came when you were in solitary," was the reply. "You know him well enough."

"I never seed him afore—saw him before," he added, correcting his English as he went on.

"And don't want to see him again—eh, Greg?"

"I don't care which it is—much."

"You would have done better abroad with the other boys, possibly."

"I ain't a-going with any of *them*," responded Greg, very decisively.

"No; you're going with Mr. Woodhatch. That's arranged; and I think you're glad, after all."

"I haven't thought about it much; only to wonder—"

"Only to wonder—" repeated Mr. Fretwell.

"—what he wants with me."

"Oh, you think he wants something with you?"

"You heerd him as well as *me*," said Greg, "and you know as much of him as *me*, Mr. Fretwell;" and here his hands once more seized upon the barrow handles, this time with the evident intention of moving on at all hazards.

"I think I know a little more, Greg," replied Mr. Fretwell, confidently, as he walked away; and Greg trudged on with his barrow in a listless fashion that was very natural to him of late days, and since his last fierce outburst. Greg had been very reflective for a week, and had thought a great deal more of John Woodhatch—whose name Mr. Fretwell had communicated to him for the first time—than he had cared to confess to anybody. He was as suspicious as the master, for he too believed that John Woodhatch's advent was part and parcel of some plot which would be made clear to him when he was rid of this awful place for good. He did not believe in Mr. Woodhatch's little sermon, or his little story of his past—they were "in it" down in Drury Lane—they were all in it, father and mother and brother and Kitty, and the whole lot of 'em, and this was a new one of the "school," who could palaver and preach a bit. Blest if the bloke hadn't "bested" him with his talk, too, till he came to think it over word by word, and saw how "fly" the man was. There would be a good screamer on presently, when they all had the chance to scream; and at all events he was not to be sent out of the country. He, thank his stars, was going back to the streets. He was good for nothing; there was no chance of his turning out anything better than he had been, than he was now. He did not want to be better; he hoped even to be much worse, only with more luck on his side in dodging the peelers, curse 'em!

Woodhatch had come from Kitty, too—he had said so; he had whispered in his ears that fact, and it had quieted him. For, after all, he did like Kitty a bit—Greg didn't know why, he had never thought why, except that she was a trifle worse than himself, and more spry altogether.

Kitty had remembered him, and was waiting for him outside, and there would be a rare spree in Bolter's Rents when he had served his time out, and the old woman had sent round to the Feathers for gin to drink good luck to him from that day, and the old man had drunk his health and been a bit friendly too, not having clapped eyes on him or thrown his boots at him for four years.

Four years! That was like yesterday to Greg Dorward, recking not of the changes for good or for evil, from day unto night, and—God be thanked!—from the black night unto day sometimes, which four years may bring to suffering humanity. Recking not of anything but himself and the shadow-land into which he should vanish again and be lost.

"Lost!"

### CHAPTER V.

### GREG IS FETCHED.

IT grew close upon the time when Greg Dorward was to go away—when the order would come down from the Home Office to set this waif free, and let him face the world again with all the good precepts which had been given him in the Reformatory to profit by, and all the good teaching also—moral and physical and intellectual—which had been hammered at him, rather than into him, during the last four years, to take to heart.

The Reverend Athelstan Cream, a meek, pious, absent-minded man, whose intentions were of the best, but whose mind was of the flabbiest, secured the opportunity—or rather put out two fingers placidly and touched the opportunity—to give Master Greg, going out into the world, a lecture on his duties and responsibilities. Greg tried to listen, and thought how well Mr. Woodhatch had humbugged the parson as well as everybody else.

"It's a fine chance for you to do well, Dorward, if you act well," said Mr. Cream, after a long address bristling with Bible texts.

"Yessir," said Greg Dorward in reply.

"And you'll like it, I think—having a master over you who can understand and sympathize with you—at least, I suppose he can. It will be honest, if hard work, and keep you healthy, body and soul, Greg—at least it ought to do so."

Hard work! Greg had not heard anything about hard work before, and he had had a strong objection always to hard work, which had never agreed with him, he was certain. Part of the "plant," he supposed, so he said "Yessir" again, as if he perfectly understood what the parson was "jawing him" about, which he did not—not a blooming word!

In the big dormitory he lay in his narrow bed, and thought this over between whiles—between the remarks of the other boys, who were not going away just yet, and were envying Greg's chance, and Greg's next step "out of it." Every one knew Greg's time was up, and there was no one glad or sorry about it, so far as regarded Master Dorward personally. For Greg had not won to himself any kind regard—there would be no wet eyes or trembling lips when he went from them—he had been "a bad lot," and was no more liked by the boys than the masters; he had been a trouble to both, and he had liked no one in his turn. Yes, this would be flinty material to work upon, and to strike light from—even one faint spark would be a hard task for John Woodhatch to extract, sanguine as he might be as to the result of his experiments, and having tremendous faith in himself and his theories.

The boys were full of excitement the night before Greg's departure, and could not sleep. They could do little else save talk; for Greg was going away to-morrow, and Mr. Fretwell having told Greg he was to be fetched in the morning, Greg was not sleepy either. He was inclined to be less sullen, probably, under the pleasurable consciousness of the great change awaiting him, and though his hated foe Barnaby—a youth who had arrived late in the day at Fretwell's school, and had grown a big, whiskered, lumpy, stubbly lout—lay a few beds off, and aggravated him by prophesying in a sepulchral voice that he was going away to be a bigger thief than ever, and to be finally hanged "off the reel." "Which would be a good job too," added Barnaby, with a hoarse croak.

"Ah, yer won't rile me to-night," said Greg. "I'm quit o' yer, Barnaby; and you'll have to do my dirty work here, whilst I'm living like a genelman outside. Do you hear?—outside of this."

"I'd strangle you for two pins, and before you got outside that bed, even," growled Barnaby.

"Oh! but yer durstn't."

"Silence, you boys," called one of the masters from the next room, shut off by a long glass window from the big dormitory. "Can't you do anything but talk to-night?"

They could not, but they did not answer in the negative. Greg Dorward was going away—there would be no more chopping of wood, carrying of burdens, blowing through brass instruments, grinding at lessons—it was all over for him, lucky dog—whilst they would chop, carry, blow, and grind for all eternity, it seemed, reckoning the years before them slowly, and with every hated minute like a year. They were full of odd wishes too, one youth trusting fervently that Greg would be struck dead before the morning, so that he could not get "out of it" after all. It was only Crapper, the porter of the establishment, and close on liberty himself, with Canada before him for a future, who jerked out something about "luck," and wished Greg might get his share of it. "Though I can't say as how you deserve it," added Crapper, punching his pillow emphatically, and trying if he could sleep on "his other side" in spite of the mutterings of his contemporaries.

Greg watched the morning come upon him, brightening the window-blinds, and making the rows of pallid faces paler still, and then he dozed off and dreamed of the freedom that was close upon him. And that would be—he knew!—so different from that which those dullards had been fancying. Freedom in Bolter's Rents, and with Kitty and him together, too!—Kitty, who had sent John Woodhatch to him. He awoke to find the boys dressing themselves hurriedly for the business of the day, and he knew that he had not to rise at a quarter to six for lessons any more, by the way the master looked at him through the glass of the room beyond, by the boys scowling and sighing and not asking him to get up, by the new clothes at his bed's foot, and the new little pocket Bible on the top of them. The boys filed away and left him there to the empty cots and the Scriptural texts upon the walls, and the teacher came from his apartment and rested his hand kindly upon the shock head of the youth he had not been able to tame.

"If I should not have another opportunity to say good-by, Greg, I'll say it now," said Mr. Marks; "and I hope you'll be grateful for the chance which is to be offered to you, and which many here would give half their lives to have."

Greg looked down, put his hand in the master's, and muttered his good-by in response, not understanding anything about it still, and not caring very much.

"You'll get on, if you really try, for you're sharp enough, Greg—everybody knows that," were the concluding words of Mr. Marks.

At eight o'clock Greg had his breakfast for the last time with the boys; at nine his small box was packed, and he was waiting: waiting for the new life to begin, and the curtain to drop on the old; waiting for John Woodhatch, and Kitty, and home—and such a home!—waiting in Mr. Fretwell's office, away from the airing ground and the boys; waiting to go away out of the front door like a tip-top swell; waiting for what he did not understand, and had not in any way bargained for—waiting for the unknown.

At eleven o'clock to the minute a four-wheeled cab, with luggage on the roof, drove up to the reformatory, and Mr. John Woodhatch stepped out, and came with long strides up the path.

"I think I'll tackle him, Fanny, about his artfulness the last time he was here," said Mr. Fretwell, as he and his wife, standing at the window, took stock of the visitor's arrival.

"What's the use?" said his wife. "He has talked over the Board, and they understand what he is about, if you don't."

"They may," replied Fretwell; "and if they do, all I can say is, they need not have slighted me by keeping me in the dark. And I should like him to know that I haven't been deceived."

"You're such a worry, Felix," was his wife's comment here, as she went out of the room, leaving her lord and master to "tackle" the philanthropist, if he were minded so to do. John Woodhatch was shown into the room the instant afterward. He had the same steady, "quite uncomfortable" stare with him, which the master of the reformatory had thought last time to be particularly objectionable.

"He is ready, I hope?" said Mr. Woodhatch.

"Yes, he is ready, sir."

"There is not much time to spare," remarked the new-comer, looking at his watch. "There is one of Greg's friends to see, and a train to catch."

"Greg's friend, indeed! and a train to catch too. Going down into the country with him, then?" inquired Mr. Fretwell.

"Yes."

"You will excuse my asking these questions. I take a great liberty, you will think," he added, satirically, "but I have been kept a little in the dark for one who has had the custody of the boy so long, and is—so to speak—naturally interested in the result."

"I am glad you are interested," answered John Woodhatch, "and are not going about this business like a machine, as I fancied you were last time I came. Here are some papers from head-quarters for you—your warrant for the dismissal of Gregory Dorward, and his consignment to me, and so forth."

"Thank you," said Mr. Fretwell, taking the papers and looking them carefully over: "I received most of my orders last night."

"Yes—I suppose so."

"You are, I perceive, a farmer, resident in Lincolnshire?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And Greg?"

"Will be my farm pupil to begin with—or something of that kind."

"Well, if you teach him to work, you will have done what we failed in," remarked Mr. Fretwell, shrugging his shoulders; "for a more impracticable lad—"

"Yes, yes, I know that. Perhaps I fear that," he added; "but don't tell me anything more about him."

"I dare say you know more than I can tell you," said Mr. Fretwell, laughing, but not laughing pleasantly.

"What do you mean by that?" was the quick inquiry, and John Woodhatch's big gray eyes were not easy to confront now.

"I have been looking over the old records, and I see the name of Dorward was pretty familiar to you five-and-twenty years ago," explained Mr. Fretwell, letting him have it at last, as he told his wife afterward.

"You keep your records well," John Woodhatch observed, quietly.

"Yes."

"And you are quite right. I was tried for attempting the life of that boy's father."

"Yes, I know. I knew all along," Mr. Fretwell said, a little mendaciously, "that you were interested in the boy Greg—that it is a family affair—but I was curious to see how you would act. And you pretended not to know him."

"There was no pretense about it, sir," said Mr. Woodhatch, so sternly and sharply that Mr. Fretwell jumped back a step. "But I was not compelled to tell you all my business. It was known at head-quarters, and that was sufficient."

"Very likely, very likely," answered Mr. Fretwell. "I am used to being passed over."

"I asked you which was the worst boy you had, but I knew you would show me Greg."

"Then why—"

"But if you had a worse, I should have taken him too."

"Having faith in the worst of everything—ha! ha!" said Mr. Fretwell. "Well, every man to his fancy."

"But my hands are pretty full now, and Greg is not the only one upon them."

"You don't mean that?" said the master, surprised now.

"It is very possible I shall return here, that you will see me again and again, if I am successful in my first ventures—if mine is not a total failure, after all," he remarked, almost doubtfully; "for I am a clumsy beggar in many ways, and obstinate, and conceited, as are a good many more of us," he added, eying Mr. Fretwell as if he included him also in the category.

"I think we'll have Greg Dorward in now," he added, after a moment's pause.

"I will send for him at once," replied Mr. Fretwell, ringing the bell.

## CHAPTER VI.

### "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR."

When Greg Dorward came sidling into the room, he found Mr. Fretwell at the table, and the big man who had come to fetch him sitting facing the door, so that he could see him clearly as he entered, and be the first to see him, too. Greg had expected that John Woodhatch would make a sign as he came into the room to put him on his guard in some way, but he did not. Mr. Woodhatch only regarded him sadly; and it was a "rum"-looking cove, the boy thought, who sat there waiting for him, "a queer 'un, and no mistake."

"Well, Greg, this is an improvement on the last visit," said John Woodhatch. "You see I have kept my word, and come for you."

"Yessir," said Greg, touching the front lock of his short hair, as he had been trained to do to all his superiors in this world—and everybody was superior to him except Barnaby, he thought. Barnaby was awful!

"I don't think there's anything more to say to you here; we can talk as we go along," said Mr. Woodhatch.

"Yessir," Greg responded for the second time.

"Bid Mr. Fretwell good-by, then, and thank him for his care of you."

Greg looked from the speaker to the master of the reformatory, and then muttered, "Good-by, thankee, sir," wondering at the same time what he had to thank him for—the fellow who had been always down on him.

"Good-by, Greg," said Fretwell. "I won't say I'm sorry to part with you, but I will say I shall be glad to hear good news of you some day."

"Come and see how we get on for yourself: my home is in Lincolnshire; they will tell you where it is, at the office," said John Woodhatch, "if you don't know already."

"Thank you, I am honored," replied Mr. Fretwell, doubtful if he were pleased or not at the invitation, and therefore answering in a confused way.

"And you will see progress, I hope."

Mr. Woodhatch shook hands with the principal, and they went out of the room into the hall, and from the hall to the street, where Master Crapper was assisting the cabman to put Greg's box upon the roof.

Crapper grinned at Greg, and shook hands with him, and wished him luck again, and then Greg and his new custodian were in the cab. The boy had glanced wonderingly at the luggage on the roof, and had been more perplexed than ever, but he waited for the explanation which he thought would follow immediately they were out of ear-shot of "Old Fretwell."

But no explanation came. Mr. Woodhatch sat back in the cab thinking very deeply, looking gravely out of the cab window into the street beyond, with his thoughts very far away.

"Where are we goin'?" asked Greg; "for I'm blest if I know."

Mr. Woodhatch looked at his companion.

"We are going to Lincolnshire."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"And where's that? And what's the good of goin'?"

"The good to you we've got to find down there, Greg."

Greg looked askance at his companion. A dim feeling began to oppress him that there was a mistake somewhere, and that this man was not one of "the school." He felt his heart beat unaccountably fast, too, which was a new sensation. He could almost fancy that he was afraid of what was in store for him, even of what was coming next, and within the next few hours.

"Where did you say we were goin'?" he asked again.

"Lincolnshire."

"Who's there, then?"

"No one you know," was the answer. "But presently people to love and take example from."

"Oh."

"People who will try and put you in the right way, and—"

"Aren't any of the old 'uns a-comin'?—the guvner or the old woman?"

"No."

"Are they in quod?"

"Your mother is; your father is not strong enough to get out of doors just now."

"Ain't he, though? And—we ain't a-goin' to see him?"

"He doesn't want to see you," was the reply; "he wants to be left alone."

"And does he want me to go with *you?*"

"Yes."

"And—and Kitty? Where the devil's she got to?" Greg asked, snappishly.

"You will see her shortly. She will meet us at the Great Northern."

"Is she coming to Lincolnshire too?" exclaimed Greg, his face suffused with a sudden glow, and his small dark eyes taking fire into them very quickly.

"No," answered John Woodhatch.

"Here, lookee here, now," exclaimed Greg, "is this a dodge, or isn't it? What's the game? What do you want to do with me? How do you know anything about Kitty? how did you find out about her? What does it all mean? What's up?"

"Well, we had better clear the ground as we go on," said Mr. Woodhatch. "Listen to me."

Then, as the cab rolled along, John Woodhatch made matters somewhat clearer; but, after all, and to this dazed youth, not particularly clear. For the mists were about Greg Dorward, and he did not see his way through them.

John Woodhatch sketched his own life briefly, and as it is a reflex of the report-book of the reformatory, we need not dwell upon it here. He said he had been like unto Greg, and that was enough; he had been worse than Greg, even, and had stood a chance of being hanged off-hand or a long term of penal servitude, had it not been for a jury that took a merciful view of things, and a lenient judge, who, taking into account the great provocation the boy had received, and considering his youth—he, who was old in sin, and felt like an old man—had let him off lightly by consigning him to a reformatory for four years.

"So, you see, my life has been like yours, and yet here I am, hale and strong, and well-to-do and honest. Honest, Greg, and proud of it—very."

Greg listened, but he did not reply. He was not quite certain that it would not have been as well to go to Canada; there would have been some fellows like him, some fun going on, some life. But this—and with this man! Dashed if he could make out how it would end. And dashed if he could see how it had all come about. And dashed if he would stand it, and be led anywhere this bloke chose to take him, and who was nothing to him, and who had no power over him if he did not care to go. He'd tell him so presently, he thought; and then the big man suddenly launched into the history of Greg's father, and what a scamp and brute he was, and how he, John Woodhatch, stabbed him one night in his awful rage, intending to do for him then and there, and end it altogether.

"When I came back from Canada," he concluded, "my first visit was to Bolter's Rents, to see what could be done, and who was left, and what had become of your father. He was living, a very feeble man, and very wretched in his feebleness; he had recovered my attack, and had married a young woman some years afterward. A nice young woman, Mr. Dorward intimated, if it wasn't that she drank, and so got clumsy with her fingers, and was found out with other people's property attached to them. Hence bad luck, and cumulative sentences, and Mr. Dorward senior left very much alone, and with a boy, 'young Greg,' to mind, and to kick and swear at, and train up as he should not go, as he, John Woodhatch, had been trained in the old bad days, and until the Hands of Justice—strong, hard hands that clutched tightly at the victim and held him in an iron grip—had turned the key upon him, and shut him out of the way.

"Therefore," he concluded, "your young life and my past youth are the same pattern, boy. I see in you *myself*, and I want to make something of you. Partly because I might have killed your father, partly because I want to try what I can do after my own plan."

"And what does the guv'nor say, sir? He don't want me to go along o' you?"

"Yes, he does."

"What! the old 'un? The old daddy himself—Daddy Devil?"

"Yes, Daddy Devil."

John Woodhatch did not tell Greg that he had purchased all rights in him—bought him, like a freehold or a copyright, "out and out," for a sum very much in excess of what he was worth, and for which Mr. Dorward senior, generally known in Bolter's Rents as Daddy Devil, was exceedingly obliged, and would have parted with his soul—had the beast of a thing been a marketable commodity—for a similar amount, or even half as much. He was grateful to Mr. Woodhatch now, glad that Mr. Woodhatch some nine-and-twenty years ago had very nearly killed him, for that little affair had kept his memory green, and had now brought him money and lots of drink, until Mrs. Dorward could come out and do business again on the family's account.

"Yes, yes," said Greg; "but I don't want to hear about him. Where's Kitty? You don't say anythink about her."

"She is of the same mind as the rest. She wants you to come with me."

"Kitty does!" he said, with a half scream.

"Yes."

"And she to stay away—here in Drury Lane—and me with you! Has she heerd all *that?*"

"Yes," said Mr. Woodhatch again.

"And me in the country. What's country? Like the common outside that place?" he said, jerking his head backward, and implying the reformatory.

"It's quiet, and there's room and peace," said Mr. Woodhatch, solemnly; "and the sea washes the banks of the fields, and says, 'Work; be like my own mighty self, never still!'"

Greg looked askance at him again. He was frightened of him, for John Woodhatch was mad, he was sure; yes, very mad, to take care of him, or think he could make any good out of him at any time, in any way!

"And Kitty," Greg said again; "I'm sure to see her, then? At the railway station, did yer say?"

"Yes."

"Kitty—at the station. Has she growed much?"

"I don't know. I saw her twelve months ago for the first time."

"Oh, did yer?"

"Your father spoke of her, and then I found her out."

"What did yer want to—"

"And I took an interest in a desolate, pitiful life, as I take an interest in yours, Greg. And I shall save her too."

"Oh Lord! you are a save-all," muttered Greg.

"And she will see you at the station; and one day, later on, you and she will meet again. It is all arranged."

Again Greg Dorward bestowed a furtive look—half suspicious, half fearful this time—on the speaker. What was arranged? and who was the man to arrange everything, and talk like a God Almighty about him and Kitty?

"What's she doing?" asked Gregg.

"You want to know too much, Gregg."

"What's she doing now?" he asked again, almost peremptorily.

The large hand of his companion was pressed upon his arm.

"She is doing well, I hope," was the reply.

Gregg did not ask any more questions; it was no use. He did not understand the answers; everything was a puzzle to him, and he should make a bolt away from all this business at the first opportunity. Of that he was as sure as sudden death.

The cab carried him along, silent and wondering, and John Woodhatch sat by his side, silent and wondering too. Through London, to the Great Northern Railway, where the boxes were handed down by the busy porters, and "Where to, sir?" was asked—a question at which Greg Dorward, ever on the alert, pricked up his ears.

"Skegs Shore," said Mr. Woodhatch.

Greg looked wildly round him. To the mind of his companion this was the boy coming from his "solitary" into the light a few weeks since, and he took him by the wrist as though he were a child that he might lose. It was a hand that held like a vise.

"Let me go, gov'nor; I'm no use to yer," he murmured.

"You will be."

"Let me get away; for gord's sake let me go back to 'em all," pleaded Greg, looking very white and scared. It was a new prison he was going to; he knew it was nothing better than that.

"Quiet, Greg. Let us come and see Kitty now; she wants to see you very badly."

"Where is she?"

"In the waiting-room."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "THE VACANT CHAIR."

Mr. Toby Rosenthal, an engraving from whose beautiful and pathetic picture, "The Vacant Chair," is given on page 653, achieved considerable celebrity while in California some years ago by his picture of the dead body of Elaine floating down the river to Arthur's palace, attended by the dumb old servitor. It excited extraordinary interest in San Francisco, and while it was on exhibition in that city it was cut from the frame and stolen. After some time the picture was recovered, the frontiersmen who had purloined it being convinced by the hue and cry raised that it could not be sold with safety.

Mr. Rosenthal is at present residing in Munich. He is of German descent, but thoroughly American in sentiment.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

At a convention of woman suffragists in Omaha the quartette sang "with fine effect," a reporter says, "'Hush, Thee, my Baby.'"

An English paper says that the halcyon days of the British vagrant came to an end when the Casual Poor Act, recently passed, went into effect. Though the tramp, having sunned himself in a stroll through country lanes, may count upon getting comfortable quarters at the nearest work-house, he is no longer at liberty to take his leave after breaking a few stones or picking a handful of oakum. The new law requires him to remain until the morning of the second day, and he is then released only on the condition of having performed a stipulated task as compensation for his entertainment. If it happens to be his second call within a month, he must remain until the morning of the fourth day after his arrival, and if he gives a false name or address, or makes any false statement, he becomes "an idle and dissolute person," and may be sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labor. It is said that the good results of the new law are already apparent.

To these features of tramp life in Engiand a contrast is made by a picture drawn by a writer in a Philadelphia paper. Wistar's Woods, near Ardmore Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, comprise nearly a hundred acres of unbroken forest. A stream flows through the woods, and along its banks are high shelving rocks overhung with gnarled roots of trees, with saplings, vines, ferns, and wild flowers. For more than a year these rocks have been the undisturbed rendezvous of tramps, who in their perpetual leisure have exercised their artistic tastes by fashioning rustic seats out of bent saplings and twisted roots, and by carving images of imaginary or real creatures out of soft wood. A hanging rustic basket filled with mosses and vines further testifies to the tramp's love of the beautiful. A sort of natural cave in the rocks contains evidences of the vagrant's appreciation of things useful, such as a blackened fireplace, iron pots, pans, and a blacking-brush. No mention is made of any mirror. Indian Jack is the name by which one of the tramps who has been longest in the woods is known, though it does not appear that he has Indian blood in his veins. In the course of the past year he has had many companions; but even these pleasant surroundings have not been sufficient to induce the average tramp to remain long in one place. With what contempt must the casual sojourners in Wistar's Woods regard the "casuals" who tamely submit to work-house regulations in Great Britain, instead of getting themselves sent as Russian Jews to the New World, where they could enjoy life!

A man of science and an epicure is authority for the statement that the reason of the superior taste of the fish served in Holland is that the Dutch fishermen kill their fish as soon as they are taken from the water, instead of leaving them to die slowly out of their element. He claims that this slow death softens the tissues.

Sectional amenities: The editor of the Boston *Advertiser* pays a high compliment to "Georgians and Southrons"; whereupon the Atlanta *Constitution* says, "This compliment is doubly appreciated, coming as it does from a Bostonian and a Northron."

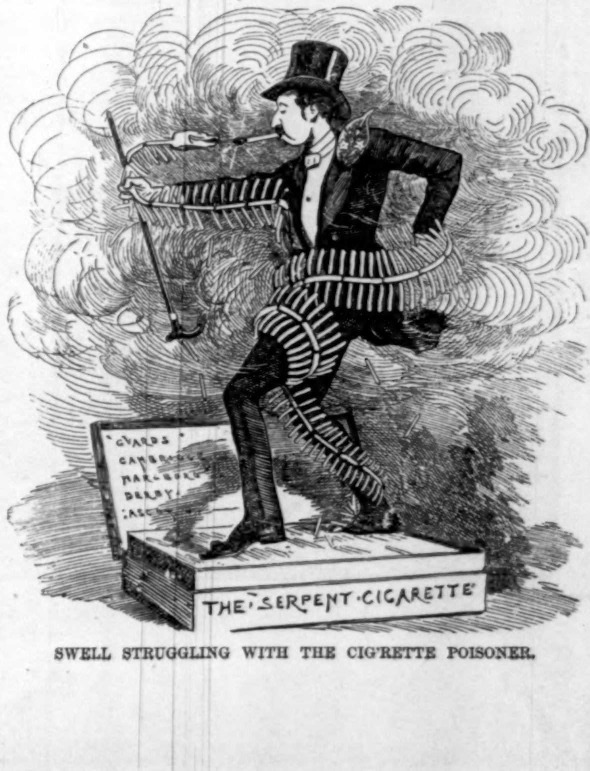
Brockport, in this State, has recently been the scene of extraordinary kite-flying. A doctor was boasting of what he could do in that line, when two lawyers offered to furnish him with the string if he would repeat what he claimed to have done. Their offer was accepted, and he required them to procure 5000 feet of rope three-eighths of an inch in diameter. He made his kite frame of lumber two inches wide and half an inch thick, and covered it with Manila paper. Its area was nearly two hundred and fifty square feet. The monster rose lightly till all the rope had been paid out, and floated at the height of over half a mile, until it was hauled down by running the rope under a pulley-wheel and hitching a horse to it. If the doctor had made a hole through the centre of a barn door, strung the door on the kite string after the manner of the toy known as a "messenger," and himself gone up and taken a seat in the band of his kite, he would have produced a genuine sensation.

Being unable to attend his silver wedding, a man whose home is in Galveston, Texas, sent from his mining camp in New Mexico a silver brick as his present to the bride. The weight of the gift was seven pounds.

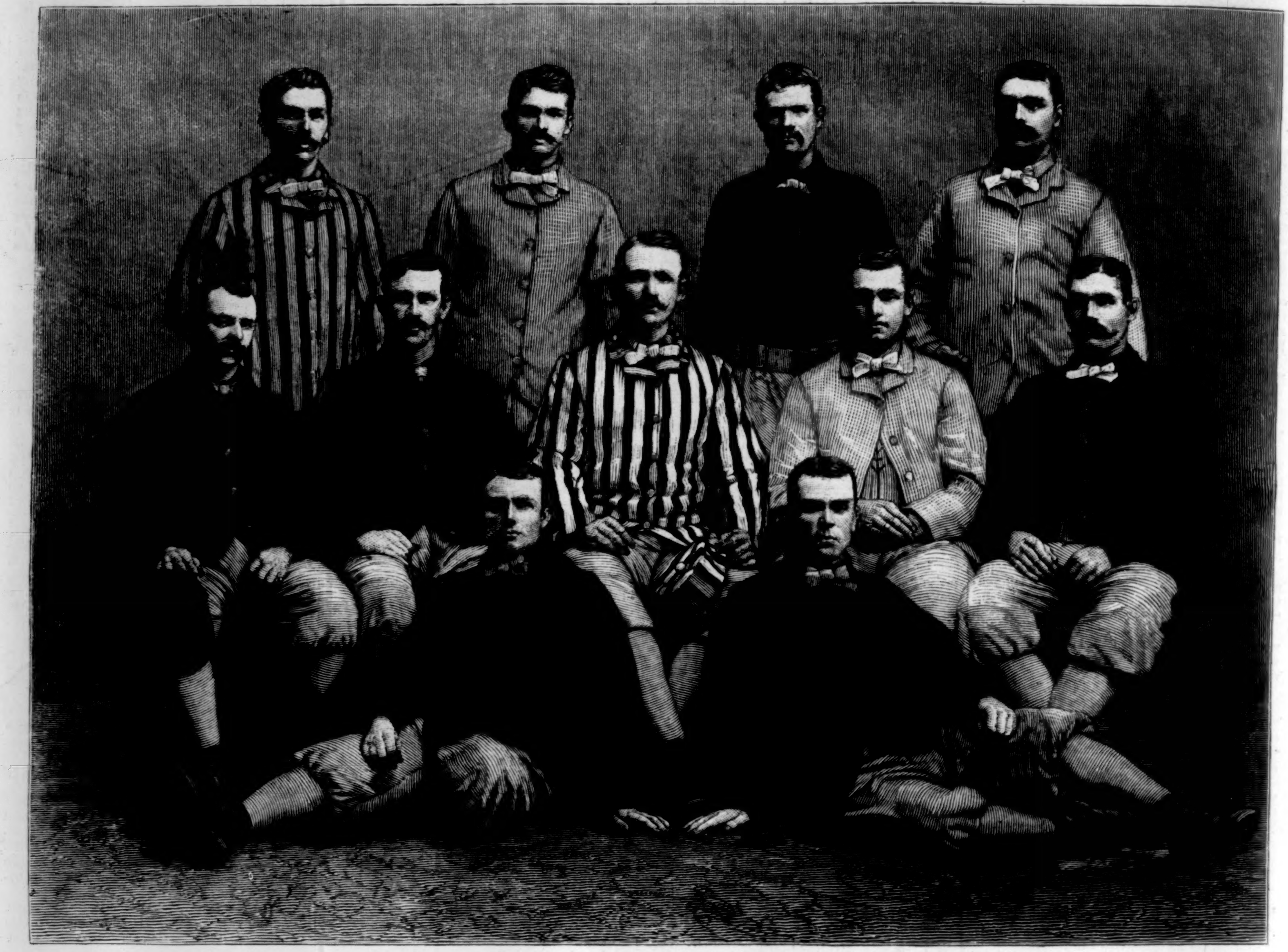
A convict in State-prison has made complaint that though he was sent there for being dishonest, he is now compelled to cut out pieces of pasteboard to be put in the soles of shoes and sold as leather. He wants to know how he can be expected to reform.

An interesting family is reported by a San Francisco paper as having come East on an emigrant train not long ago. The head of the family was a Chinaman, about thirty-five years old, without a queue, and dressed like an American. His wife was a comely American woman, a little younger than he. They had one child, about eight years old, with light complexion, and none of the characteristics of the Mongolian race except in the expression of its eyes. With them were two full-blooded Chinese children which they had bought before leaving China.

Printed simultaneously with the accounts of the recent equinoctial freshet was the prediction by Dr. E. Stone Wiggins, a Canadian weather-sharp, that in March next a storm of unprecedented fury will strike this planet. It is to descend somewhere in the Northern Pacific, and make nearly the entire circuit of the earth from west to east, raging with especial violence on the North American continent. The waters of the deep are to be lashed until all vessels smaller than Cunarders are sent to the bottom. The sea will encroach upon the land, and ship-builders are advised to lay their keels on high ground. The doctor says that the storm will cross the meridian of Ottawa at noon on March 11, and he most respectfully appeals to the honorable Minister of Marine that he will permit no vessel to sail from a Canadian port later than February 20.

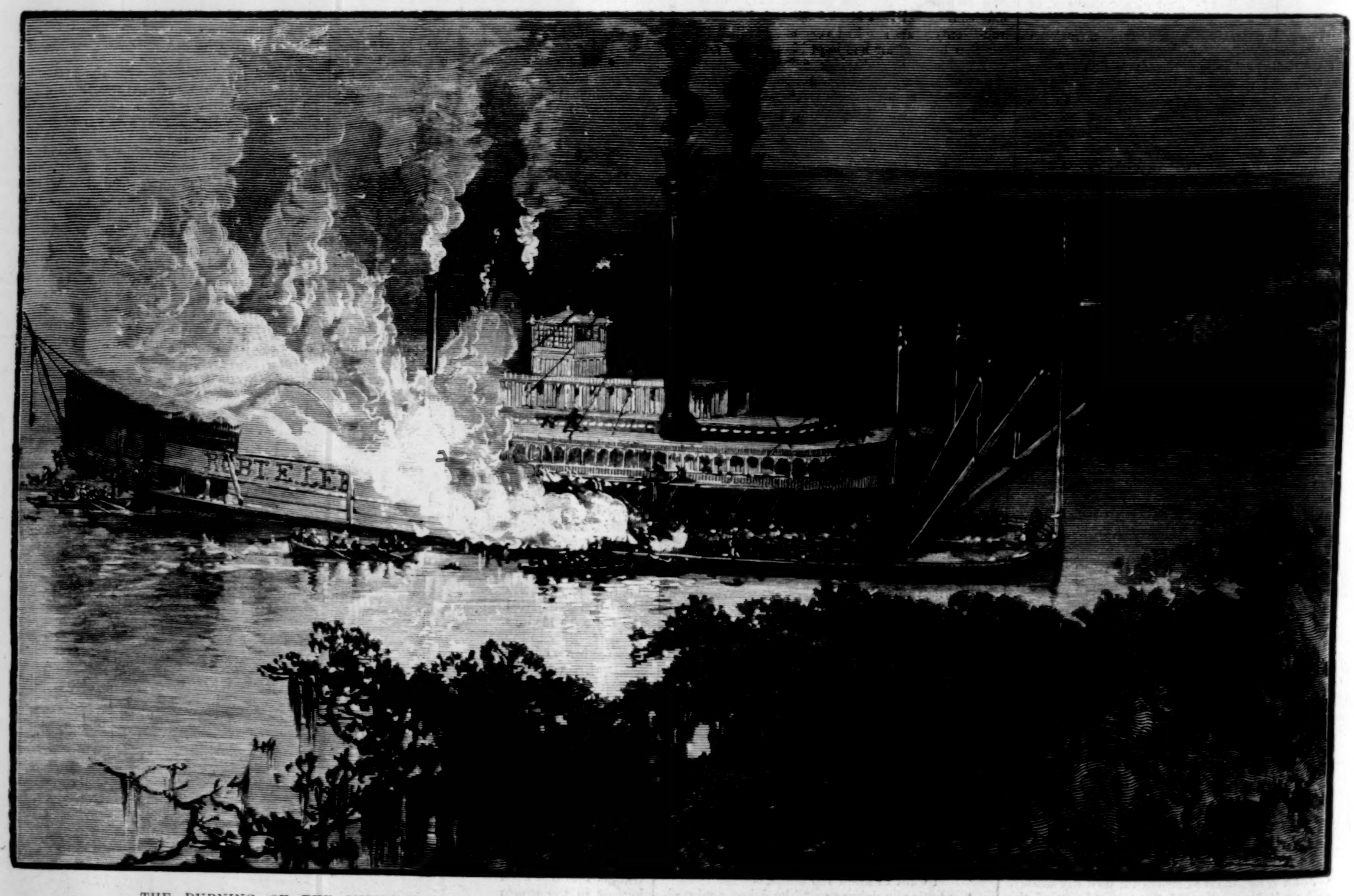


SWELL STRUGGLING WITH THE CIG'RETTE POISONER.

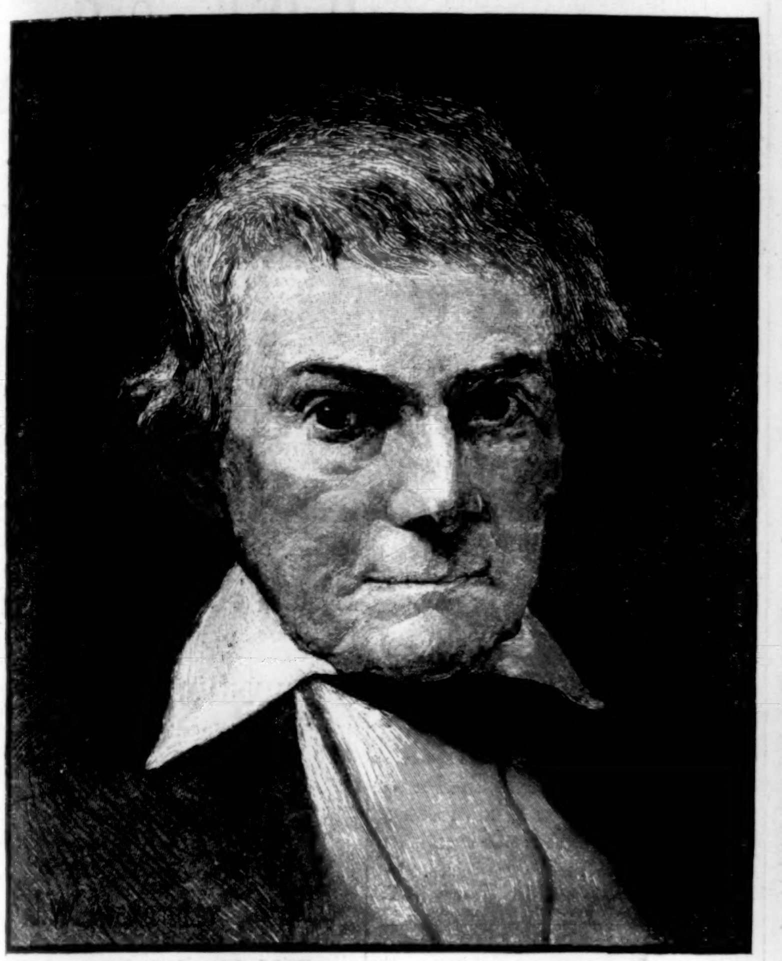


E. N. Williamson, 3d B. M. J. Kelly, S. S. Frank S. Flint, C. F. E. Goldsmith, P.
J. L. Quest, S. Thos. Burns, 2d B. A. C. Anson, Capt., 1st B. A. Dalrymple, L. F. Geo. F. Gore, C. F.
Hugh Nicol, R. F. L. Corcoran, P.

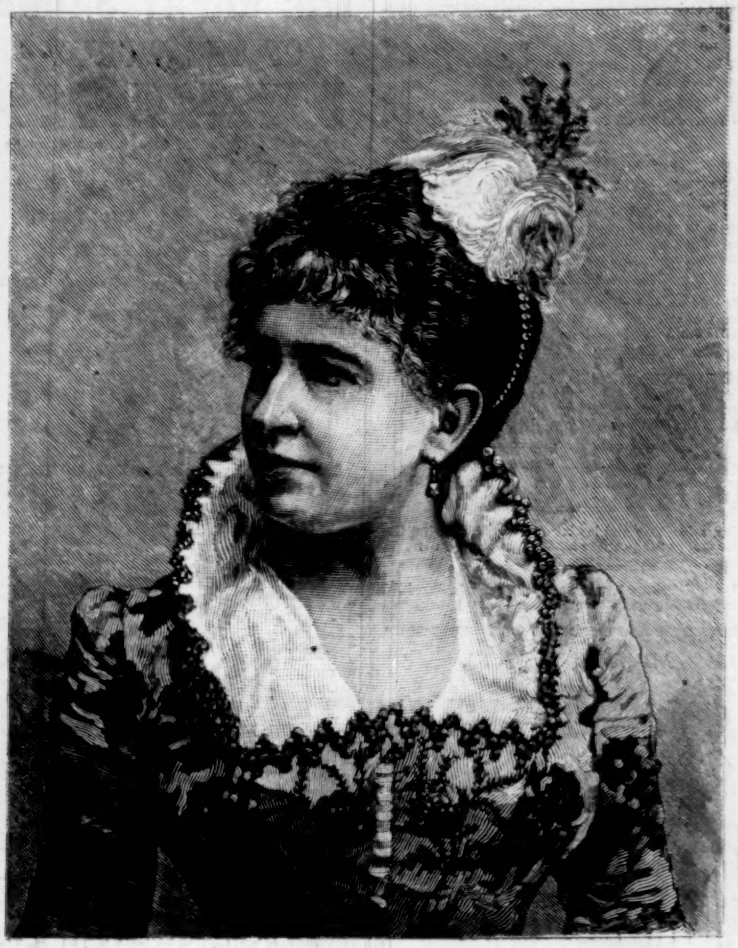
THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL CLUB.—From a Photograph by the Photo-Mechanical Printing Company.—[See Page 646.]



THE BURNING OF THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT "ROBERT E. LEE," SEPTEMBER 30, NEAR YUCATAN PLANTATION, LOUISIANA.
From a Sketch by Frederick T. Anderson.—[See Page 647.]



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF GEORGIA.
DRAWN BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 643.]



EMMA THURSBY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.

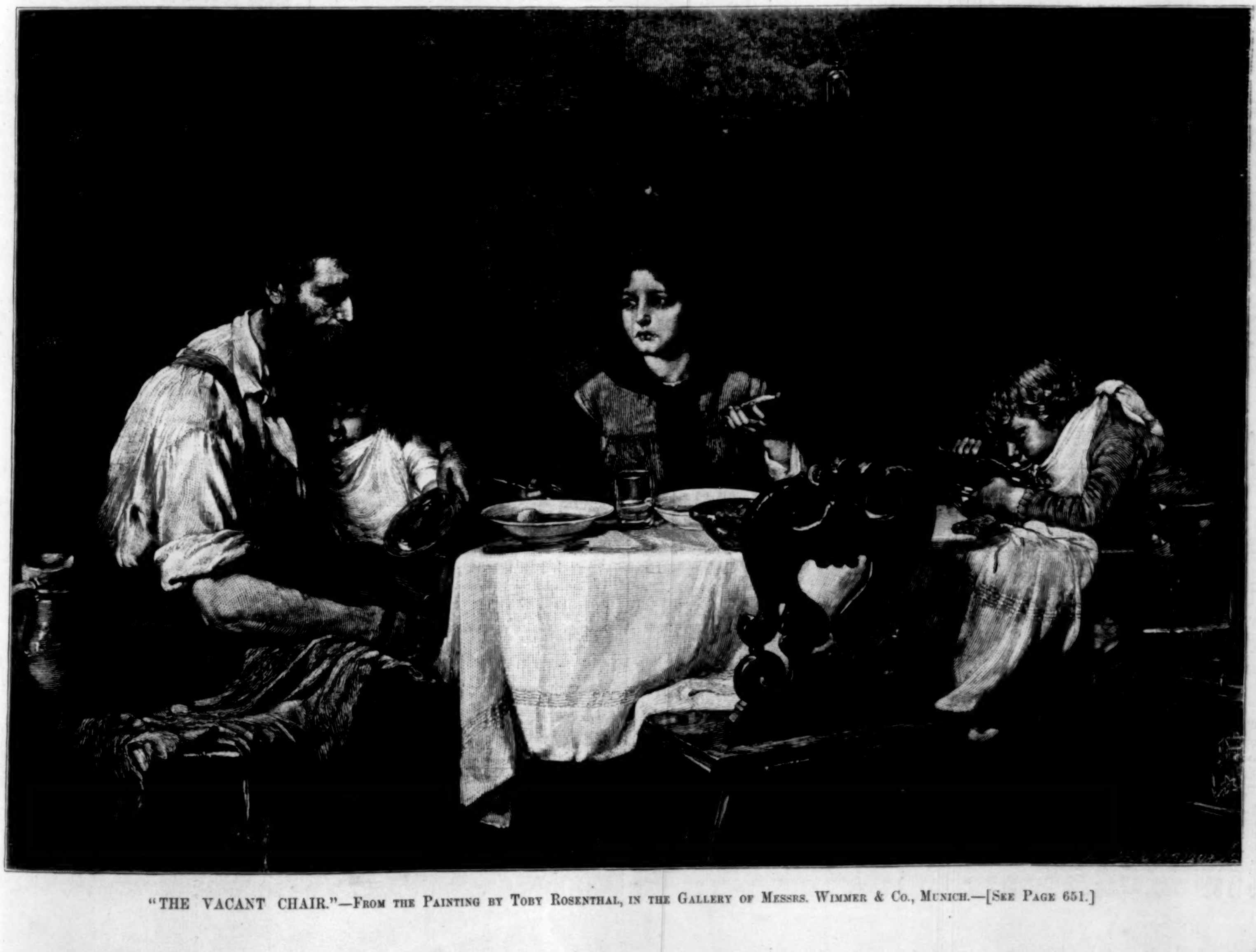
## EMMA THURSBY.

I BELIEVE it was **GOUNOD** who said to Miss **THURSBY**, after hearing her sing his "Ave Maria," "Vous êtes la reine immaculée du chant." "Immaculée" is a capital term to apply to a voice so spotless as hers. She sings as naturally as a bird, and revels like a bird in delightfully clear and pure tones without a thought of giving dramatic expression to her notes. Her voice reaches to F, and even in the highest register is without that metallic alloy which mars so many high soprano voices. **MAURICE STRAKOSCH**, her entrepreneur, it is said, was always urging her to appear on the operatic stage, and once taught her an entire opera. But while she sang it faultlessly, she sang it also without that intensity and those momentary impulses which make the heart beat faster and the breath come quicker, and shows that the singer's emotions are highly wrought upon by the dramatic situation. In a word, her voice is as beautiful and brilliant as an icicle that sparkles in the sunshine—and as cold.

Her vocalization is admirable. She sings lightly and gracefully, ascending buoyantly to those perilous heights where others grow dizzy and falter.

After an extended tournée abroad, Miss **THURSBY** returns without any material change in her voice or method, but with a more comprehensive répertoire. It was at one time almost impossible to hear her sing more than a few compositions. Abroad, however, she has studied a number of new songs, several of them composed for her. It is further said that she was presented by a Hungarian admirer with some nightingales, which are supposed to be descended from a pair which an ancestor of the donor brought from Palestine at the time of the Crusades. One of the little singers recently broke its leg, and required the services of three skillful surgeons.

Miss **THURSBY** was born in Brooklyn, where she also began her career as a church singer in the choir of Plymouth Church. Subsequently she joined Dr. **CHAPIN**'s choir, and after that Dr. **TAYLOR**'s. Her friends enabled her to visit Italy, where she continued her musical studies; but it was Madame **RUDERSDORFF**, with whom she took lessons after her return in 1875, who developed her voice. She was first heard in concert at a performance of the



"THE VACANT CHAIR."—FROM THE PAINTING BY TOBY ROSENTHAL, IN THE GALLERY OF MESSRS. WIMMER & CO., MUNICH.—[SEE PAGE 651.]

Harvard Musical Associations. While fairly successful from the beginning, her exceptional merits as a vocalist were not generally recognized here until, in 1879, she returned from another visit to Europe, where her appearances had been a succession of triumphs. She has been equally well received during her recent tournée. She will remain in this country only three months.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

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THE VAST RESOURCES OF THE MANUFACTORY At Cham, Switzerland, of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., are utilized in the production of their Milk-Food for infants and invalids.—[*Adv.*]

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THE refreshing and lasting aroma of Floreston Cologne makes it a peerless toilet perfume.—[*Adv.*]

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Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

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**5 and 7 John St., N. Y.**

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### OF THE WORLD.
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**MEATS,**
**GAME, &c.**

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WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
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OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

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OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

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If you value the health of your family, use Frank Siddalls Soap:—

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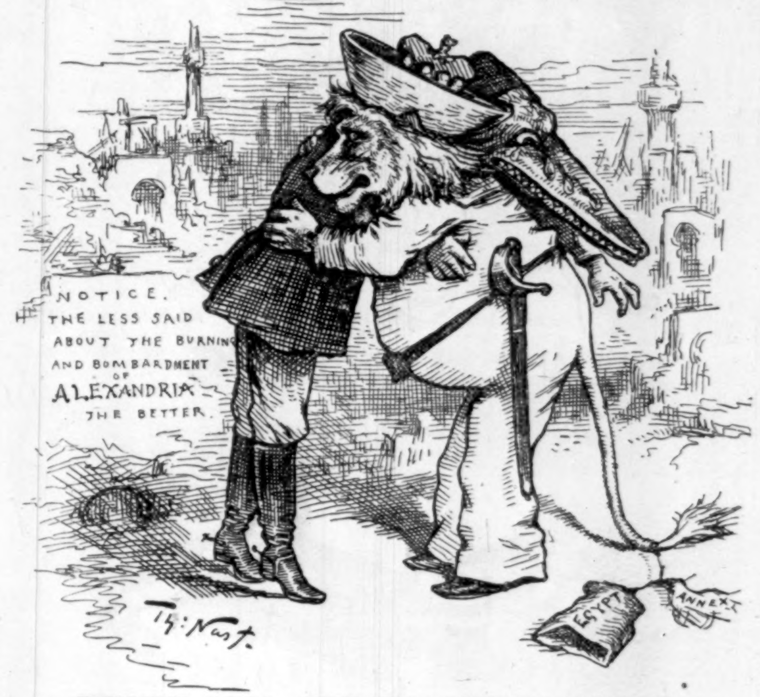
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THE LESS SAID ABOUT THE BURNING AND BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA THE BETTER.
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EXPECTED NEWS: THEY WILL BOTH BE SO SORRY.

ARABI says "the British are a great people, and that he is heartily sorry he fought them."—*Cable News.*

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—how it does away with wash-day troubles—
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—it is sold in every territory and State in the Union—
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**—Ask your Grocer for it—see that you get what you ask for—**
**—And now for the most liberal proposition ever made to introduce goods—**

A regular 10-cent cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap will be sent by mail (postage paid in full) *free of charge to the wife of a Grocer—free of charge to the wife of a Physician—free of charge to the wife of a Minister*, if she will send two promises:—*two promises must be made or no notice will be taken of the letter—*

**Promise Number 1—That it shall be used on the whole of the regular family wash, and on the first wash-day.**
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### HOW OTHER LADIES CAN GET SOAP TO TRY.

**—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps—**
**—Say she saw the Advertisement in HARPER'S WEEKLY,** ***and make 2 promises—***

Promise No. 1:—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

Promise No. 2:—**That every one of the printed directions for using the Soap shall be EXACTLY followed.**

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Sold largely in Albany, Troy, Springfield, Ithaca, Utica, Binghamton, Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse.

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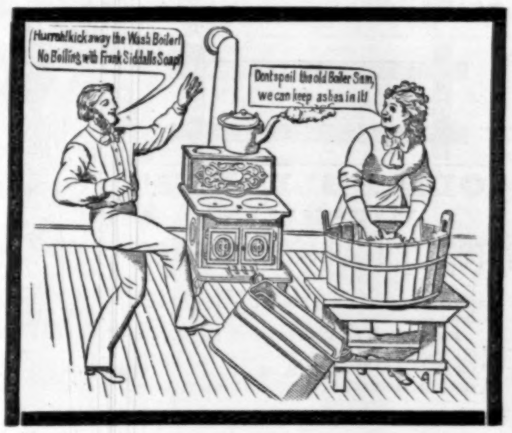
If your grocer cares to accommodate you he can easily get it.

If your grocer will not accommodate you, send for a cake by mail—it will be cheerfully sent if you make the promises:—*if you dont make the two promises no notice will be taken of your letter.*


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler! No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

## DIRECTIONS
## Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

A wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle answers for a large wash.

*Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.*

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some of the delicate ingredients that are in this soap. *Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.*

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the Soap over it VERY LIGHTLY, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled pieces. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

**Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.**

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on the wash-board, ***and the dirt will drop out;*** turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water.

If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw back in the suds for a few minutes.

Next comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, *and is for the purpose of getting all the dirty suds out*, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on the wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

**Afterwards soap Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let stand 20 minutes, and wash the same way, making the last rinse-water soapy.**

### And now make up your mind to try Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Try The Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving—for the Bath—for the Toilet—for the Teeth.

It is no more to be surprised at that it will answer splendidly for all bath and toilet purposes than it is surprising that Granulated Sugar will answer for all purposes.

Over one thousand cakes are sent every week by mail for trial at a loss. Send for a cake—*promise to follow the directions on the whole of your regular family wash*, and you will bless the day you saw The Frank Siddalls Soap advertised in Harper's Weekly.

*Be sure to always make the last water soapy;* the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn; stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, *and the clothes will iron easier.*

*Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch,* and then starch in the usual way the pieces that require starching.

**Address all Letters, OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**